

The Student's Pen

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL



"Old Pontoosuc"

Pittsfield Number

Price 5 cents

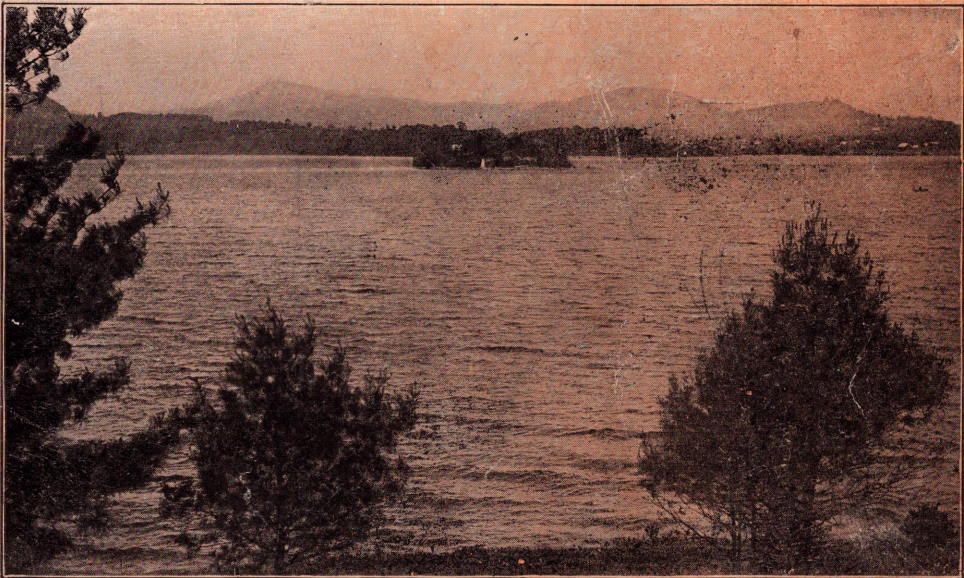
Vol. VI.

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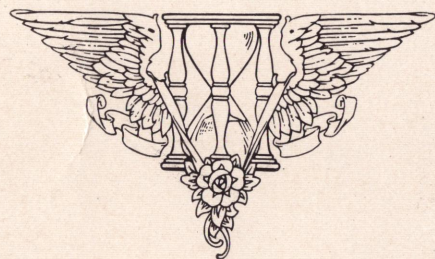
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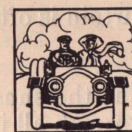
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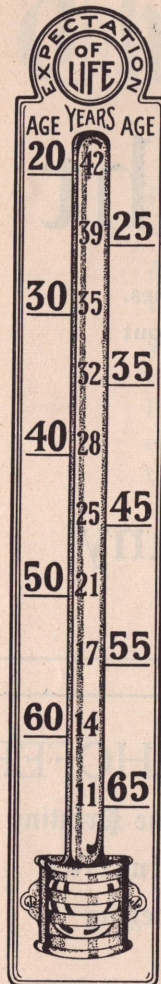
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Explanation:

The middle column shows the time a person is expected to live whose age is that given in the side columns.

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- 25 life appears in all its scintillating splendor by the establishment of home and family ties, but at
- 30 the vision of boyhood has changed and things are not what they seemed. If determined and sustained efforts have been maintained up to the age of
- 35 success will surely appear on the horizon of commercial life at
- 40 when the period of accumulation has been reached. The importance of conservation of funds and energy is then apparent. With the majority, at
- 45 the whirl of commercial life begins to lose its momentum. Upon reaching the age of
- 50 the hand which has held the lever is gradually loosened, and at
- 55 the details must of necessity be left to others, and finally at
- 60 pass into younger hands. The curtain is often drawn upon life's activities at
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PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

The STUDENT'S PEN

Founded 1893

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Vol. VI

MAY, 1921

No. 6

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"The Play that's Different"

When a Feller Needs a Friend

TO BE PRODUCED IN THE HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

Friday, June 3

By the Senior A Class

May 27, 1921.

Dear Students of P. H. S.

I'm coming to your High School a week from to-day. I'm being brought in by the snappiest bunch of players that ever introduced me. I guess it's because they belong to such a wide-awake class as the Senior A. My name is "When A Feller Needs a Friend" and take it from me I'm sure a winner. If you're in trouble, or if you've got the "blues" come and see me. You can just step into the office and get your money back if I don't send you home smiling. I have a broad smile for every one whether he is a Sophomore, Freshman or nothing but a Junior.

So long 'till next Friday when I paint the town red.

Yours for some real fun,

"When a Feller Needs a Friend."

P. S. (*Confidential*) Every one will talk about me long after I leave. Be with the crowd. Any Senior will let you have a ticket or you can secure one in Room 14.

When A Feller Needs A Friend

Tickets

Evening	Entire lower floor, reserved,	Fifty Cents
8.00 p. m.	Balcony	Thirty-five Cents
Matinee	Adults	Thirty Cents
4.00 p. m.	Children	Twenty Cents



Pittsfield

The valley in which Pittsfield lies is practically an amphitheater, hemmed in on all sides by mountain ranges. Washington Moun'ain walls in the city at the east. The valley narrows in the north with occasional mountains and hills in Lanesboro and Cheshire. Toward the south is South Mountain and in the west are the Taconics.

Pittsfield has six lakes either wholly or partly within her borders. At each side of the city, east and west flows the two sources of the Housatonic River.

There are no end of views and quiet nooks suggestive of romance and legend.

Pittsfield has a history peculiar to itself, from the earliest time, taking pride in its traditions and records. In the year of 1886 it had a population of about 14,500 and was the largest municipality under the Massachusetts town government. It had police regulation, water works, electric lights, fire department, street cars and telephone communication as a city should have, while at the same time the ways of the citizens were not changed. There still remained the annual town meeting with its free and full discussions.

Railroad communications did a great deal for Pittsfield even before most of the other towns were favored. New York and Boston were only about a five hours ride.

In 1868 Pittsfield became the county seat and with that came the fine marble court house.

The manufacturing at this period, while extensive and increasing was to a great extent, hidden away in the extremities of the town.

The earliest settlers were men of influence, patriotic in the time of war, and earnest in everything which, according to their judgement, deserved their interest.

Pittsfield was early made the residence of aristocracy, not purse-proud, but an aristocracy of culture and social element.

The old family names such as the Pomeroy's, the Williams' the Allens, the Francis's, the Parkers, the Goodriches, the Churchills, the Colts, Dunhams, Stearnes, Plunketts, Clapps, Campbells, Barkers, Brewsters, Merrills, Russells, and many others were instrumental in moulding the town in its early days.

Pittsfield has, from the earliest time been known as a literary town. The pages of its history are filled with the names of scholars and writers, poets and novelists. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was for a long time a summer resident. Henry W. Longfellow was a frequent visitor at the summer home of his father-in-law.

The Maplewood, originally a cantonment for troops during the war of 1812,

was the seat of the Berkshire Medical College. Later it became a girls' school and now is used as a summer hotel.

Pittsfield, from an early period has always been a social center. It was the boast of Pittsfield that it had more societies, secret and literary than almost any other town of its size in the State. One of the Masonic Lodges dates back to about 1795.

The central part of the large village was always at Park Square. Up to about 1812 it was an open space.

An old elm, which, for years, was a venerable relic, occupied a prominent place there and when it fell in 1864 there was general regret among the citizens. About 1825, measures were taken to improve the appearance of the Square, and in the same year it was utilized in the ovation given to General Lafayette, who visited Pittsfield. At the park the first cattle show in the country was held. The dedication of the handsome Soldier's Monument took place in 1872.

Pittsfield from the earliest time had the finest cemetery in Berkshire. It was picturesque in the extreme. Thomas Allen of St. Louis who dearly loved the home of his birth, bequeathed \$5,000 for the erection of a gateway and his monument there. The cemetery dedication in 1850 was in keeping with the spirit of the town. A procession started at the park which marched to the grounds in solemn order. An address was made and a poem was read by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Original odes were sung, composed by former residents.

Among the many names that were widely known is that of Gordon McKay, the inventor of a sewing machine, who was a resident of the town. Prof. C. E. West of Brooklyn, one of the most successful educators of the day was a farmer boy here. Dr. J. Marion Sims spent the last months of his busy life here. The English, French, Danish, Spanish and Portuguese ministers have always been temporary residents. Henry Dawes, long resident of Pittsfield was for eighteen years a member of the House of Representatives.

No former resident of Pittsfield ever regretted the honor of living in Pittsfield.

And still each streamlet runs its course,
And still each mountain stands,
While Berkshire's sons and daughters roam
Through home and foreign lands;
But though they roam, or though they rest,
A thought spontaneous comes,
Of love and veneration for
Our Berkshire Hills and Homes.

—Clark W. Bryan.

Irene Messier '21

The Early History of Pittsfield

While the Puritans were making their log huts at Plymouth in that first winter, the Indians occupied our picturesque Berkshires. Their small villages were scattered along the shores of the Housatonic and along the lake shores. They belonged to the tribe of Mohegans, who used this country as a hunting ground. They were left to hunt unmolested for more than a hundred years after the first huts were built at Plymouth.

The pioneers in Massachusetts pushed steadily westward until they reached the fertile valley of the Connecticut. Then they met a barrier. Hardly had they built their log cabins and begun to clear the land, when the Indians commenced to make raids on their poorly protected villages. The men who would have pushed forward had to stay and protect the feeble settlements. There was also a natural barrier. It seemed hardly possible that just over the mountains was a fertile valley.

Those who passed through the valley in going between Boston and Albany brought back the report of this beautiful country. At first no one seemed interested in settling the valley with its untold wealth in woodlands and water-power. Finally about 1724 Colonel Stoddard of Northampton and Captain Pomeroy of Southampton came to the conclusion that it would be worth while to attempt to settle. They received a grant and established the towns of Sheffield and Great Barrington in 1726. But there was an English settler here the year before. Mathew Noble, more adventurous than the other settlers, came into the valley the preceding fall. He spent the winter among the Indians, living far from any other white man and learning much which proved to be of value to him when he came to settle. The two settlements were successful and people became more interested in the land of the Housatonic valley.

In return for his services in Indian wars, the General Court granted to Colonel Stoddard a thousand acres along the Housatonic river. Not content with the thousand acres, he bought from the Indians the six square miles of land now occupied by Pittsfield. When the Indians received their payment they signed a paper giving up all rights to the land. In 1735 only one year after the land was procured by Colonel Stoddard, it was granted to Boston. The grant provided that there must be at least sixty families in the township before five years expired and that each family should cultivate a certain amount of land. A church must be built and a minister hired. Provision was also made for schools. Boston kept the township of Pontoosuc for only a year and then Colonel Stoddard, Colonel Wendell and Colonel Livingston took up the work of settling Pittsfield.

Boston had failed in her attempt but, under these proprietors, work was commenced. The first thing, which they did was to lay out a town. Two roads were laid out; one running north and south, the other east and west, crossing near the center of the town. When this was finished, lots of one hundred acres each were made.

Pontoosuc was ready for settlers, ready and waiting but no one seemed anxious to come. At last after three years of waiting, Livingston brought seventy Dutchmen from the Hudson valley. He was sure that they would be eager to

start the settlements. But the Dutch scorned Pontoosuc and returned to their own fertile fields of the Hudson valley which, they said, were much better. One thing was certain the settlers must come from Massachusetts. Some Westfield men came and looked at the lots. This time the proprietors were successful and forty of the sixty lots were taken.

The settlers came the next spring and actually started the settlement of Pontoosuc. The work of getting the land cleared went on during the summer months. At last success was just ahead. Soon there would be a little village in the wilderness. But they were to be disappointed. That same fall the Indians gathered their forces and swept down from the north upon the little settlements in Berkshire. The little band of men made their way to the better fortified towns. For six long years the township of Pontoosuc was neglected. Nature had her way and used all her power to obliterate the marks of civilization. When the settlers returned to resume their work they found that they would have to do all over the work which they had done once. They were discouraged but did not give up.

After three years of hard labor and many trials they gained a foothold which they never entirely lost. Some of the more ambitious and industrious men had neat log cabins ready in the summer of 1752. It was that summer that Sarah Deming made the trip from Weathersfield. There were many trials for the first woman in the new settlement but she faced them all bravely. Later in the summer two other women came. Pontoosuc was more firmly established now that there were homes for those pioneers would do all in their power to save those homes.

The very next year, the proprietors thought that they should have their own township government. They made a petition to the General Court, which was granted. This gave the proprietors power to assess and collect taxes for the support of the township. Money was raised to hire a preacher and to build a meeting house. The meeting house was not built until 1761.

In the summer of 1754 nearly all of Pontoosuc's sixty lots were taken. There seemed not a doubt but that the little village would grow rapidly. Again many of those brave and fearless pioneers were to be driven from their homes. The French and the Indian wars broke out and as the settlement was open to attack from the north, many of the settlers, especially the women and children, sought safety in the better fortified towns. The men of Pontoosuc fought valiantly during this war. In four years the settlers felt that they could return to their homes with safety.

Pontoosuc was still a township, but many of its leading men believed that it should become a town. In 1761 the act of incorporation was passed. But the General Court thought that the proprietors had not lived up to the terms of their grant. There was no meeting house in the little village, so the General Court provided that the proprietors should build the first meeting house and hire a preacher. These things were carried out that same year. The town was incorporated and a name had to be chosen. Pittsfield was finally decided upon in honor of William Pitt, an English Statesman, who did much to aid the colonies.

On the forenoon of May 11, 1761 the men of Pittsfield left their work in the

fields and mills and gathered at the home of Deacon Stephen Crofut on Elm Street for their first town meeting. They selected officers, discussed taxes, schools, the new meeting house and started the government of the town. These men, many of them with a poor education, farmers living in the wilderness were laying the foundation of Pittsfield and they did their work well.

These industrious people would have no vagabonds among them. The fate of the work house or perhaps the whipping post or stocks awaited those few who dared to venture into town. The town officers did their duty well in making sure that every person who lived in the town worked.

Pittsfield men soon saw the value of water power and mills began to appear on the banks of the Housatonic. Many of these were saw mills as there was an abundance of logs in the nearby forests. There were also a number of grist mills where the farmers took their corn and rye and brought back the famous "ry'n injun" meal.

When the agitation which preceded the Revolution began Pittsfield was cautious. There were a number of Tories in the town and for a time she wavered. Then came the news of the Boston Tea Party and Boston Port Bill. No longer was there any doubt as to where Pittsfield stood. The hum of spinning wheels was heard in every home. Every patriotic man and woman was doing his share to help prepare for a struggle which must surely come. There was a great unrest which broke into action when news was brought of the struggle at Lexington. Men started for Boston at once, but when they reached Westfield, they were told that the struggle was over.

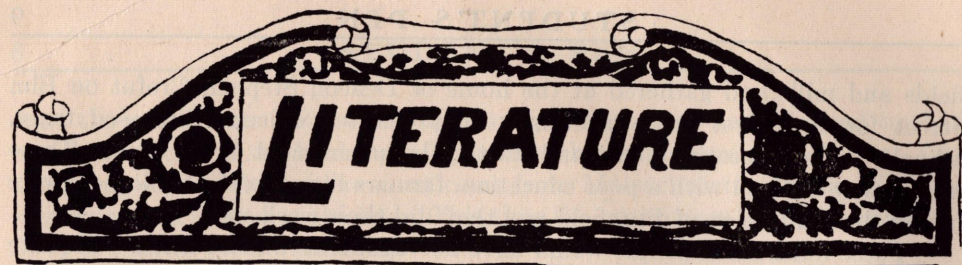
Tories in Pittsfield began to look for some safe hiding place for they knew that these stern pioneers would deal with them in no gentle way. One chose the open place behind the chimney in his own house, another Diamond Cave, and another a cavern near Roaring Brook. It was well for them that they had some secure place for those who were caught, were dealt with in a very severe manner.

Pittsfield men were active in almost every campaign of the Revolution. In the siege of Boston, in the campaign in Canada, at White Plains, and in many other battles we find Pittsfield men and moreover, we find that they were brave, fearless soldiers, ready to die for the cause of liberty.

Following the Revolution came Shay's rebellion in which Pittsfield had its part. The poorer people, broken by the heavy burden of taxes, rebelled against the government. Had they not fought; had not men and boys gladly given their lives for self-government? Were they to be taxed? Were they to be put down by the wealthy in the country which they had fought to free from unjust taxation? They were overpowered and went on suffering until, in the course of events, they were given their rightful position in the country.

Pittsfield grew and prospered until at the beginning of the nineteenth century it was a typical New England town. A picturesque little village in a beautiful valley it was then as now, "The Heart of the Berkshires."

—Dorothy Somes.



A Romance of Old Pittsfield

Spring had flooded the fertile valley. Its fresh presence was manifested in a thousand different ways; by the warm, soft air, the blue sky patched with white clouds, the awakening of growing things, the carolling of nesting birds, the busy hum of small insects and most of all by the brilliant sunshine. The golden sunshine was everywhere. It kissed the bounding wavelets of blue Onota. It bathed the rude log cabin on the eastern shore and with its protecting light softened the rough beams and mud-filled cracks. But in this charming picture there was no human being in sight except—the girl who was as beautiful as the flowers she was gathering. Stopping for a moment to get her direction in the primeval forest which rolled almost to her doorstep, her eyes met a sight which froze the leaping blood in her veins.

Not twenty yards distant stood a panther disturbed at her approach, while dining on a hare he had captured in the woods. His glaring eyes held hers as fast as a snake's hold a fluttering bird's. Lashing his tail, he advanced silently, his lips curling with a red snarl of lust to kill. On and on he came to the fascinated girl. When a few paces from her he crouched for a death-bringing leap. He sprang.

Crash!

This noise seemed to bound from one massive tree to another until, losing volume, it fled down the distant aisles of the forest into silence.

The trembling girl, who had flung up her arms to shield her face, slowly lowered them, as if she feared to see what was before her. There, at her feet, lay the panther his head a bloody mass and his limbs slowly stiffening in death. And, striding from a clump of bushes at one side, came an Indian. What an Indian! Tall and straight as a mountain pine, he wore his scanty clothing as a prince wears his royal robes. His stern face was no darker than that of any white man, well bronzed by exposure to the hot suns of summer and the biting winds of winter. In one hand he held a smoking rifle and the other he lifted in greeting.

"Pretty-maid-who-lives-in-cabin-by-the-blue-lake is far from home," he said gravely. And picking up her fallen flowers he motioned her to follow him. Soon they came in sight of the cabin. He stopped at the edge of the clearing and said, "Good by, white girl. Be more careful next time. Canatowa not always near."

And then, unheeding her repeated thanks, he plunged into the virgin forest.

Thus was the first meeting of Canatowa and Prudence Dickinson. But after this meeting came many others. Sometimes she would see him paddling in his tiny birch bark canoe over the blue waters of Lake Onota. And

once she accepted an invitation to ride with him over those smiling waves. In the forest too they had met and talked with each other. He told her of his life with the Indians far, far away near the falls that tumble over the rocks. He spoke of his aged father, the holy man of the tribe, Manatowa. And she too told him of her former life in Westfield before her father had pushed on to these outer borders to wrest a precarious living from the fertile soil of this new valley of Pittsfield. Thus their friendship grew.

It was the night of the great party given at Fort Anson to celebrate the bountiful crops, gifts of the waning summer. Everyone was there. Frontiersmen in their rude garments, with their wives and stalwart sons and ruddy-cheeked daughters. French voyageurs from the distant North vied with the soldiers of the garrison for dances with the pretty village belles. Indians stalked here and there bedecked in their savage finery, watching the gay scene with dark, expressionless eyes. And there Prudence met him again.

Tired of the dancing and the noise, she had sought refreshment in the cool night air under the low hung harvest moon. Climbing the little hill near the Fort to enjoy more fully the beauty of the scene, she came upon him sitting alone on a rock near the top of the rise. Greeting her with pleasure, he made room for her upon this natural seat. In silence together they watched the rising moon spread its silver over the throbbing landscape.

Nature is the same from the aborigine of the primeval forest to the white of the world's most cultured nation. Who can lay blame on what the moon saw? What is there strange that Canatowa's arm should slowly encircle the waist of Prudence and the head of Prudence slowly settle on his broad shoulder.

The world, with its distinctions of class, was far away that moment. These two human beings loved and that fact was enough to make their world.

* * *

But such a thing could not be. The parents of Prudence commanded and implored. They wished no Indian for son-in-law. Yet Prudence remained firm and one night she fled into the open heart of the woods with her lover.

Their days of blissful happiness were soon broken short. Soldiers came and carried them both to the Fort to await judgment on their case.

The day dawned when Colonel William Williams and members of the town government were to act upon the case of Prudence Dickinson and Canatowa. At the hour of the trial, the council room of Fort Anson was filled with a motely crowd of people curious to learn how this thing might be settled and eager to see this man and woman who had given up their tribe and their race for each other.

It looked bad for these two when the court had about decided that they must be separated.—Prudence to be sent to England and Canatowa to his tribe.

Suddenly there was a slow stir in the rear of the room as a party endeavored to force their way through the closely packed spectators to the front. This party as it faced the desk where sat Col. Williams and several of his advisors, consisted of three Indians, two young braves and the aged, sightless, toothless, Manatowa.

As soon as the room was quiet the ancient red man began to speak in accents, slow and laborious.

"White men, before you speak the word which makes these two separate, and brand each of them as deserters of their race, listen to me.

"Many summers ago, long before you came to the hunting grounds of my tribe, there came a small band of white men like you looking for land. They camped by the big rock of Onota and spent many days there, unknowing that they were watched by a hunting party of red men. One day one of our scouts a little bolder than the rest was seen by this party. Frightened, they aimed their guns and killed him. That scout was my son, a mere boy on his first hunting trip with his father. Rage filled our hearts at this, and we swept down and slew them all save one—a boy who lay crying in a shelter, scared by the noise of the fight. This lad I took for my own. I had visions that I might teach him the ways and crafts of the red man so that in my old age he would replace the son I had lost and bring me venison.

"For many years I watched him growing up with the Indian boys, forgetting he was not one of them. Now he is a man.

"At your coming he was restless. He would go on long hunting trips and stay for many days but I knew he was in your fields. He did not know the cause of his restlessness, but I understood. The dog and the wolf may live together but the dog yearns for the hearth and the wolf for the open sky. Nor does a dog mate with a wolf.

"Canatowa has found a mate of his kind and now Canatowa must become what he is—a white man.

"Proof? You want proof. Here are the clothes of the boy when he was one of you and papers besides which may show his name but I do not know because I understand not the language written upon them."

When he had finished speaking, the old man turned and leaning on his two guides he walked through the respectful lane made by the breathless crowd.

The papers found in the clothes were no more than letters written to the boy by friends in England but they were sufficient to establish his identity.

After the trial, Prudence and John Osbourne, the real name of Canatowa, attempted to settle down in the village but as the early training of John always conflicted with the ways of the settlers they moved further West and cleared a place where they lived happily with each other.—*John T. Hopper.*

A Ride with Jimmy Parker

It was a hot afternoon in July, when I stepped into old Jimmy Parker's ramshackled Ford and started down town. Jimmie was of a ripe old age and endowed with a nature that delighted in passing comment on this person and that person and this old house and that old house, and, as both his parents and grandparents had passed their lives in Pittsfield, I regarded his remarks as true history.

Contrary to all precedent, the old bus was rapidly approaching the Maplewood Hotel, now a scene of bustle and excitement. Big cars stood on the driveway and bellboys rushed here and there over the spacious lawns.

I had often heard that the Maplewood once sheltered under its massive buildings, a girl's seminary and now that I had the chance, I decided to find out the history of the institution for once and all, so I asked old Jim, at my side, what he knew about it. My companion spat, shifted his mouthful of "Farmer's Delight" to the other cheek, and began to talk. I won't try to imitate his language, but this was the substance of his story.

"My father," he ventured, "owned one of the largest farms in these parts and was looked up to as one of the biggest men in this part of the state, so you can take his word as true history. On cold winter evenings, when the family sat around the fireplace, he used to tell us children about the war and Indians in this part of the country. I remember one night, he dwelt upon the part the farmers, hereabouts, played during the war of 1812, and he said that the spot where the Maplewood stands today, was covered by an army camp where a thousand or so of the national soldiers and a number of captured Tories and English were quartered.

"After the war, in 1827 the great naturalist, Professor Charles Dewey, saw the wonderful advantages of the location for a boys' school and started a private school in one large building which afterwards was used as a gymnasium and in which such men as Thomas Allen, the famous Bennington battle-Pastor and President Allen of Bowdoin College preached, and in which Dr. Holmes read his world famous 'Plow boy'.

"In 1841 Reverend Wellington H. Tyler founded a girls' institute on the same location with a few extra buildings. The school soon earned nation wide repute and was one of the best New England Schools.

"In 1864 the school reached its pinnacle of success under the Reverend Charles H. Spear who became sole owner by purchasing the lot and buildings for twenty-seven thousand dollars. While peopled with two hundred students, contagious diseases broke out in the school at two different periods, in 1864 and 1866. This, of course nearly destroyed the reputation which the school had gained and it was not until 1872 that the school came near regaining its former prestige with one hundred fifty students.

"In 1873 the institution received its final set back during the great financial panic. From then on its decadence was slow but sure, until 1883, when Mr. Spear leased the institution to Louis C. Stanton, one of the teachers whose endeavor was soon concluded.

"At last Mr. Spear offered the land and buildings to Oberlin College in hope that they might receive the spirit of the place, but they failed utterly, partly because their rivals at Northampton and Poughkeepsie had survived the panic and partly because no real effort was made.

"In 1887 the trustees of Oberlin College leased the institution to Arthur W. Plumb who converted it into a summer hotel. Two years later he bought the land and buildings and you can see for yourself how he has prospered."

Jimmy drew up at the curb and let me out, and, after I had thanked him for the ride, he started away with a great banging and rattling, while I turned down the street towards the school.

—W. I. Patnode.

Hunting and Fishing about Pittsfield

The picturesque hills about Pittsfield abound in small game of many sorts, and the streams and lakes in the valleys abound with the "gamest" fish in the country. The neighborhood of no other city of Pittsfield's size is favored with such an abundance of natural haunts and hiding places for game. Five miles in any direction from Main Street one can find numberless signs of game.

Some communities have more of one kind of game but few have as much of so many different kinds as has Berkshire County. One can leave this city in the morning by either automobile, train, or trolley, and return in the evening after having spent several delightful hours in the field or on the stream. In other large cities one must figure on at least a day to get to the hunting grounds and a day to return. Civilization has driven the game miles and miles from its center, but the rugged hills and mountains around this city have furnished a barrier against its tide and have preserved the game.

There is sport for Berkshire's outdoor man all the year round. In the Spring he tries his skill at luring the beautiful speckled trout from its hiding place. The trout is acknowledged king of fishes and the trout-fisherman, king of anglers.

In the summer our sportsman can try his perseverance on the lakes fishing perch and pickerel. The glory of a day spent on one of Pittsfield's beautiful mountain lakes will long burn in the memory of the fisherman.

But in the fall! That is the time when the hunter takes out his trusty shot gun and sets his dogs in the field for wood-cock and partridges. The real trial of a marksman's skill is a day's hunt after these birds. While walking through the woods, the hunter must keep his senses alert for other game. A fox might jump out ahead of him or a rabbit dart off at his approach.

Then too, there is the noisy squirrel which scurries up a tree and defies discovery. How far do people go to get a chance to bag a deer? Yet we have them right in our hills about Pittsfield and every year hunters get dozens of them.

Now you will ask, "What can you do when the snow is on the ground and everything is frozen up?" and I will reply, "Fish through the ice."

Pickerel, bass and perch comprise the winter angler's bag and the thrill of running to one's "tip-ups" is worth all the trouble.

Where, pray, could the man whose business demands that he live in a city but whose blood demands that he enjoy the great outdoors, find a better place to live than in Pittsfield.

—Donald R. Ferris, '21

An Interview with Mr. Ballard

A library is a strange place. Generally one thinks of a library as an unpleasant place to go, in which one must always refrain from the use of one's vocal organs; or a place in which one must pursue exclusively the study of higher classics, digest any quantity of statistics or "drowse like Dian's fawns browsing on Elysian lawns." This is *not* wholly the case, however it has not been delegated to me to correct anyone who has the above idea.

I have said that a library is a strange place. It is strange in that strange and unexpected or even humorous things may and do happen within the walls of such an institution.

The following incidents are true stories which have actually happened in Pittsfield and which were told to me by Mr. Ballard, the librarian.

"One day," he began, "I was interrupted in my reading by 'Excuse me, mister, can you read Latin?' Wistful eyes sought mine as I looked up from my desk. This well-meaning intruder was a young man, well-dressed and good looking, who was evidently in trouble. Upon my confession that I could have a try at it, he fumbled in his hat and found under the worn hat-band, a torn envelope which he examined anxiously, then handed it to me.

"A few words were written in a graceful feminine hand. The inscription was worn by the friction of the hat band and also bore traces of a great deal of handling. 'You have been studying this,' I said, 'Can you make it out?' He explained that he had studied it and by comparing it with an inscription on a bottle of medicine had decided that it was Latin. He had taken it to the drug store but had been informed that 'this aint no drug Latin. Take it over to the Libr'y; they'll read it for you.' "

"'Neaera dicit se non—si—amare.' was all that was legible—a mere fragment. I bade my visitor be seated and hastily searched through parts of the Odes, Eclogues and Epistles. There were many pretty compliments to the Roman girl but as for anything she had said, she might as well have been born dumb."

"'This is only part of the sentence,' I said, 'Neaera is the name of a pretty Roman girl with whom several of the old Romans seem to have been in love'—he pricked up his ears at this—'apparently she said something. That something is missing—in other words what she said depends upon the missing context.' "

"'I hain't seen no context,' he said, 'that's all she give me.' A sad light broke on me. There was medicine here for him more bitter than could have been meted out to him in yonder pharmacy."

"'How did you get this?' I said. He hesitated, blushed like a girl, picked up his hat as if to leave abruptly, then with sudden effort changed his mind and said: 'Well, I live so far away it won't make no difference; I might as well tell you. There's a girl here in Pittsfield I think a lot of. There's a certain question that I've wanted to ask her for a long spell but couldn't seem to get no chance. Yesterday I hired a horse and buggy and took her for a drive. I drove out Hancock way, through that nice stretch o' woods—you know over on Potter Mountain—when we came to a pretty place where it was quiet and the sun kind o' sifted down through the greenage, I jist couldn't hold in any longer, so I up and axed her. She didn't seem skeered or s'prised, but said gentle-like, 'Stop the horse?' I did. 'Give me a piece of paper and pencil?' I give her this old envelope and stub pencil—which was all I could find. She writ this here Latin and give it back to me and began to talk about the lovely view which was on the other side of the mountain and that if I was going to catch that train I'd better hurry along. But I ain't going to catch no train 'till I know what them words mean.' "

"'My friend!' I said as I gave him a parting hand clasp. 'You have given me the context, now I can translate your answer. The young lady declined your proposal. The hardest word in that passage is 'Non' which means 'No'."

"'I didn't like the look of that word myself!' he said, 'But thank ye kindly for your trouble, Sir!' As he went from my office I couldn't help but think that the real loser was not this honest lover but the selfish girl who had sent him to a stranger for a translation of her half-remembered Latin, her bad manners and her selfish heart."

"Night and the mercury was falling" the story teller went on, after a few moments of thought. "The darkness of six o'clock in December and the zero mark were reached at the same time. I was sitting in my study by a blazing birchen fire. The maid was in the kitchen hastening our tea."

"When the door-bell tinkled Betty answered it. She quickly drew back again from the chilling blast of a North West wind. 'There's a poor deaf and dumb man out there,' she said and handed me a well worn little note-book in which the stranger had written his petition and his credentials."

"'Bring him in child,' I cried, 'Don't leave anyone outside in this weather.'"

"He shivered himself to a seat by the fire with the assistance of a crutch under one arm and an iron support under the opposite foot. A something indefinable in his manner of getting about suggested the thought that in case of an emergency that crutch might be dropped and that iron kicked off and that foot brought into normal action. I could not escape the sinister wonder whether perhaps in a moment of surprise those beautiful lips of his might not confess that the avenues of his ears were not closed but merely guarded. I tried the inhospitable test: passing behind him for another bit of birch; I said aloud, 'Keep an eye on this imposter, Betty, he may be fooling us.'"

"Without a quiver of intelligence he quietly finished what he had been writing and handed me this communication. 'My name is Henri LeBrun. My home is in Switzerland, I am a draftsman. In Boston I suffered an attack of quinsy and had to undergo a severe operation at the hospital, which left me weak and penniless. I got a position for a few weeks in Somerville during the absence of a regular draftsman. I have a letter from the surgeon of the Boston hospital. I am on my way to the home of my uncle in Syracuse but the ticket from here costs more than I thought and I find myself a little short. To be exact I need seventy cents.'"

"The surgeon's letter proved this as far as his treatment in the hospital went. The story seemed straight and I invited the stranger to have supper with us. My wife was so impressed with the young man's appearance and manner that she warmly seconded the invitation. However the cripple declined our hospitality, in writing of course."

"But as we urged him, finally he remained. He entertained us all by his interesting conversation by pencil necessarily, telling of his old home in Switzerland, of his Mother and many other things. He showed us his note book in which were notes of travel and some of his own reflections. He was not without wit as appeared from one of his 'Thoughts'—'I enjoy the society of ladies—I am deaf.'"

"As it was drawing toward ten he arose to go but who could allow him to hobble through the streets for half a mile in search of shelter on a bitter cold night. So I called a cab and pressed a five dollar bill into his reluctant hand."

"The next morning, to our surprise, he came again. He wrote that he had desired to see the place of work of his benefactor, thus he had gone to the Athenaeum. He offered some skilled criticism on its architecture, thanked me once more for my kindness and with a wistful smile in his eyes was off."

"I have never seen him since. Upon letters of inquiry I was informed that he was an accomplished swindler and liar. The local police had seen nothing of a deaf and dumb man and the station master claimed that he had not sold a man with a lame leg a ticket to Syracuse for a week. Where had he gone? How did he leave Pittsfield? Why had he taken so much trouble for seventy cents? Had he originally entered our house with a sinister motive and found himself incapable of evil within its door? Even to this day all these questions remain an enigma to me."

—Margaret Pease, '21.

Onota Lake

Of all our enticing groves, none are more perfect than the woods upon the eastern shore of Onota Lake. Few have so hermit-like a solitude, yet none are so far removed from a desolate loneliness. The lake lies in an elevated valley only two miles west of our main street; and if you will come to the commanding elevation upon its south west shore and look across its broad and tranquil surface towards Constitution Hill and Greylock, you will confess that its charms are not too highly extolled.

The shades are sometimes very solemn, but one need not be sad in them. Gradually streets are creeping towards the lake, but we must still ramble through woods and for a little space scramble through brambles to reach its northern shore. But it is worth the trouble, for the view southward is wild and picturesque. At about a quarter of its length from its northern end, it is divided by a narrow strait. The more pleasant resort however is upon the south, where of a dreamy afternoon, one can recline in luxurious reveries as he watches the image of the mountains sharply reflected in the clear waters. Perhaps, as you are looking, a blue king fisher will perch above your head upon yonder blasted bough, and then suddenly darting into the water bear away its writhing prey to some hidden haunt. Near by the cattle will stand in groups, on a pleasant point of land which runs out into the lake and which they seem to love better than any other spot.

Around these shores were some of the earliest settlements, and before the intrusion of white men were the favorite haunts of the Indians. Remains of the rude arts of the later Indians used to be found in the neighboring fields, but now they are rarely, if ever, turned up by the plow.

—Eleanor Mapletoft

The Industrial Growth of Pittsfield Due to the General Electric Company.

The City of Pittsfield owes its present size and prosperity to the General Electric Co. In 1890 there were a few comparatively large industries but not one of them has flourished enough to build up a city.

To show the marked increase in population, let us consider that in 1890 there were only twelve thousand inhabitants in the City. North Adams was then twice the size of Pittsfield. Now, this city has approximately forty-three thousand inhabitants and North Adams has twenty-eight thousand. This is because the Industrial World of Pittsfield has increased whereas that of North Adams has practically remained as it was in 1890.

The development of the General Electric Plant has been phenomenal in many ways. Early in 1891 the original "Stanley Electric Manufacturing Co." was organized by a very few men. The majority of these men are now citizens of Pittsfield with a capital stock of twenty-five thousand dollars. W. W. Gamwell was elected President and C. C. Chesney, chief engineer of the Company. The object of this company was to make the electrical devices, principally transformers, designed by William Stanley, John F. Kelly and Cummings C. Chesney.

Work was begun with about sixteen men. The shop was located on Clapp Avenue near the B. & A. Freight Office. Somewhat later, because of the increase in business, a brick building was erected on Renne Avenue by a member of the firm.

In 1899 the capital stock of the Company was increased to five hundred thousand, in 1900 to two million. On the latter date there were five hundred men employed.

In 1901 the first building at the present location of the Plant in Morningside was completed. All machine tools, raw material and finished apparatus were transferred from the Renne Avenue and Clapp Avenue factories to the new site.

The Stanley Electric Manufacturing Co. was purchased by the General Electric Co. in 1903. It continued until 1907 under the name of Stanley Electric Manufacturing Co. but is now known as the "Pittsfield Works" of the General Electric Co. This company also owns works at Schenectady, N. Y., Lynn, Mass., and Harrison, N. J.

The area at present covered by the buildings is seven hundred seventy-five thousand square feet or about seventeen acres.

Various classes of electrical apparatus and devices are manufactured such as transformers, heating devices, fan motors and arc lamps. These devices vary in weight from small articles weighing less than a pound to a large transformer of ten thousand horse power in electrical capacity weighing about one hundred thirty-five thousand pounds. The transformer department of the Pittsfield Works is the largest of its kind in the world. It is the main stay of the Industry.

There are more than four miles of industrial railway tracks used for the transportation of freight around the Works. Many of these railways are run by electric motors.

In 1909 employment was given to thirty-five hundred hands with an output

of about ten million dollars a year. In 1920 both the number of employees and the output of the Company had doubled. At present about one-half of the employees are not working but in a comparatively short time the Plant will be running to its full capacity with the employees as part owners.

Mr. Cummings C. Chesney is now manager of the Company. He has been closely connected with this industry from its original organization in 1891.

Thus it may be seen that without the General Electric Co. at least seven thousand of the present population would be seeking homes elsewhere.

How could a City help flourishing with such a progressive industry helping it along.

—Dorothy Leonard.

"Indian Legends"

"There stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake
Spread its blue sheet that flashed many an oar
Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake,
And the deer drank; as the light gale flew o'er
The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore,
And while the spot so wild and lone and fair
A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,
And peace was on the earth and in the air.
Look now abroad—another race has filled
Those populous borders. Wide the wood reaches
And towns shoot up and the fertile realms are tilled."

Ah! yes! the Indians have gone from Berkshire and we, money-loving robbers that we are, now occupy their former haunts. But have the Indians left nothing to us? No they have left us a great "something," a priceless gift—not money, not learning, but legends, traditional stories of old Pontoosuc which lend faint, sweet breaths of the times "which have gone before" to the beautiful Berkshire scenery.

All these picturesque interpretations of the countless marvels of the nature surrounding us were originated by the once-powerful Mohegan Indians. It is believed that formerly more than a thousand warriors from this vicinity answered the Mohegan battle cry. When the white man first came, the number had greatly decreased. In another century and a half there was not a Mohegan to be found in America.

Thus you have seen something of their numbers. In order that you may understand more clearly and that I may tell without constant confusing references to history these quaint and pretty legends, I will now relate a brief but traditional history of the Mohegans as a race of Indians.

Asia is believed to have been the original home of all Indians. The Mohegans—a name shortened from the original Mo-h-ka-neew meaning "the people of the great waters which ebb and flow"—crossed the ocean at a point in the

northwest where the opposite coasts are very near to each other. According to the eternal custom of Indians they wandered southeast in search of a river which resembled their beloved Mohekunnuk, "the river of their nativity," until they reached the Hudson. They called it Mahicuttuck.

From the time of their arrival in the Hudson valley their most bitter foes were the Iroquois. In 1625 that tribe—then confederated as the "Six Nations," subjugated the Mohegans to the political conditions of squaws—that is to menial labor. Never after this were the Mohegans again omnipotent. They were driven further east by the Mohawks—that is, toward the Housatonic valley and the towns which are now Lee, Lenox, Stockbridge, Pittsfield, Dalton, etc.

Like the Iroquois nation the Mohegans were divided into many tribes—the Pequots in the Connecticut valley, Schaghticokes and the Pontoosucs in the upper Housatonic valley in addition to others. If any one is skeptical and refuses to believe that the Indians once lived here, on the site of Pittsfield, let him account for the origin of the names Housatonic, Unkamet's Path, Canoe Meadows, Indian Point, Pontoosuc, Wahconah and Onota. Nevertheless it is true that there were never many permanent Indian settlers here except in the hunting and trapping seasons.

Wherever the Indians wandered, or wherever they populated tiny wigwam villages they found beauties and mysteries of nature the existence of which puzzled them. In order to satisfy their simple, child-like curiosity they wove around these scenes many delightful legends, some of which may we now turn our attention toward.

There is a lake situated north of us which we all know well, by the name Pontoosuc. However if we could have lived three centuries ago and should have asked a Mohegan Indian where we might find Pontoosuc lake he would have laughed at us. Why? Because then there was no such name for a lake. The Indians called the whole valley Pontoosuc—which is good Indian for "a field for winter deer"—and the lake in question was known as Shoon-keek-Moon-keek. They loved the beautiful lake with its shady cool inlets and wooded shores and told this tragedy of it.

One bright day in June, three hundred years ago to one of two brothers was born a son and to the other a daughter. These two were considered two of the prettiest papooses which had ever seen light in that region and in consideration of that fact, the girl was named Moon-keek and the boy Shoon-keek. As the years flew by these cousins grew from infancy to happy boy and girlhood in spite of the hardships which all Indian children were compelled to undergo. They enjoyed together all the ecstasies of childhood—they gathered flowers for each other, they chased butterflies together; and, as they grew older, fished on the lake from the same tiny birch-bark canoe.

The fathers of these two were at first overjoyed to see the fond devotion between the cousins, never suspecting that they were allowing the boy and girl to play with fire. They had forgotten for the moment the stern moral law which forbade the marriage of cousins. Poor Moon-keek, who even in her young maiden-hood was besieged with suitors, was the first to realize the wrong that she and her cousin were committing.

"Alas! she loved her cousin! And such a love was deemed, by the morality of these stern tribes, incestuous."

Nockawonda, a jealous, meddling suitor of the pretty Moon-keek, was the one to awaken with cunning words the fathers. Straightway these lovers were forbidden to meet. Ah! these parents had forgotten that love laughs at warnings, for the sweethearts straightway sought each other in the unfrequented recesses of the lake and the surrounding woods. Nockawonda guessed what the outcome of the parents' command would be and immediately set out to find the place of their meetings. When he had obtained the desired information he "tattled" just as any present day scandal monger might have done. Poor Moon-keek and her lover! What they suffered at the hands of their irate parents for daring to obey the summons of the little god Cupid—whatever his name in Indian mythology may have been. They met once more and planned an elopement which might have satisfied the hungriest dream of a twentieth century boarding school girl. They solemnly vowed that if anything should happen to part them, they would both commit suicide—thus being together as lovers in the "Happy Hunting Ground," if that were not possible to be on earth.

Unhappy was Shoon-keek's fate for when gliding across the lake to his island rendezvous he was killed by an arrow from Nockawonda's quiver. As he sank into the lake he called piteously "Moon-keek." She, seeing the canoe gliding along driven by no mortal hand, guessed what had happened and cast herself into the lake.

It is said that every night on the lake, during the witching hour, one can see, if one's eye is keen enough, Shoon-keek's phantom skiff gliding—ever gliding and one can hear his dying wail "Moon-keek."

Pontoosuc's sister lake Onota is not shrouded by such phantoms as Shoon-keek, Moon-keek, nevertheless there is a pretty hunting story connected with it.

Long before an Englishman set foot in the Housatonic valley, the Indians used to notice a deer of complete and spotless white which often came in the summer months to drink the cool, sweet waters of Onota. The tradition among the Indians was that the White Deer brought prosperity to them and while she was unmolested Manitow, the Great Spirit would never harm them.

Not long after the first French and Indian war broke out, Montalbert, a young Frenchman was sent from Canada to incite the Mohigans against the English. Because he was an Ambassador and therefore sacred to Manitow, he was welcomed to the Indian's council fire. Among others the story of the White Deer and its significance were told him. Straightway the young Frenchman, perhaps because he had a good deal of the original Adam in him, began to desire more than anything else to be able to lay the trophy of the skin of the Sacred White Deer before Louis his king.

He did not dare to kill the deer himself. In search of an accomplice he discovered a so-called warrior who, as we Americans would say, lacked "Back-bone." Montalbert so filled this warrior, Wondo, with "firewater" that the poor savage would do anything even to killing the White Deer.

In this way Montalbert obtained the coveted treasure and fled from the Onota tribe. Here the legend hints that Montalbert never reached Canada

and that the skin of the Indians' Sacred Deer never added splendour to French royalty. Although the people prayed earnestly for forgiveness from Manitow for the deed of one of their number, it is said that the shores of Onota were never again as thickly populated or as prosperous as before.

Prominent among the other Berkshire wonders stands the Balanced Rock. Behind the story of how the Rock came to be is a great lesson which the Indians saw and appreciated.

Many years ago a party of Mohegan youths were engaged in playing "duff" which is a game which consists in placing one stone above another and attempting to dislodge the second with a third. At the moment of our story the young men in rudely laughing at and mocking a slender onlooker. The loudest laugh of all was raised when, in answer to their threats, the slight youth accepted a challenge to test his skill. Alas! instead of laughing those rude boys shrunk back in horror when they saw him grow quickly to giant size. Suddenly he seized the most immense boulder to be found and wielding it in one hand with an easy motion of the arm, cast it where hundreds have in vain attempted to dislodge it—the Balanced Rock. The stranger then proceeded to give the youths a gentle lesson in the elementary rules of etiquette.

Even more beautiful and tragic than the story of Shoon-keek, Moon-keek is the one which has clung to Monument Mountain through the centuries. This is one of a hapless maiden who, despairing because her love was contrary to the laws of her tribe, flung herself over the precipice. William Cullen Bryant, after seeing the cliff and hearing the old tradition, immortalized the deed of the Indian maid in his poem, "Monument Mountain."

So, through the years lived the Indians in our delightful Pittsfield valley. Like Wahconah and Nessacus, Indian man and maid passed down their wealthy heritage of stories from generation unto generation until the white man came to drive them from their native home. To-day we in our grasping, commercial life have almost lost the quaint tales some of which I have just related. Let us in the future stop more often in our busy life and bow before the shrine of the Past—the shrine of Indian Legends.

—Margaret Pease.

The Court at Pittsfield

The county of Berkshire was so named in 1760 by Governor Bernard after an estate in England. The origin of this name Berkshire, is a contraction of "Bare Oak" Shire, so called from a bare oak in England under which assemblies were wont to be held. Sheffield became the shire town of Berkshire and in 1761 was incorporated as the town of Great Barrington. County courts were first held alternately at Great Barrington and Pittsfield. Then in 1787 Lenox became the county seat. From then until the year 1868, when the court was finally established at Pittsfield, there existed between the towns of northern Berkshire, a serious struggle for the distinction.

The courts at Pittsfield were first held in a large room set apart for the

purpose in Fort Anson, then dismantled. This fort later became the property of Lieutenant Moses Graves. Then sessions were held in Lieutenant Grave's house on Unkamet Street.

This street was formerly known as Unkamet's Path, now followed by the Boston and Albany Railroad. It was named after a faithful old Indian guide, Unkamet. The largest room in the house was fitted with furniture for the court. At the end of this long apartment was a fireplace with a huge old-fashioned chimney. Here the men of the community used to meet at the sessions; lawyers, clients, jurors and witnesses, and the wealthy men of influence. Not only did they have jurisdiction over criminal cases, and matters which since have been the duty of County Commissioners, but they discussed public affairs and matters of the State as if in a parliament. And because of the importance of these men, their decisions had almost the force of law.

Here they gathered in the recesses, in the long cheery room at Lieut. Graves'; with a great fire blazing in the fireplace. After a hearty meal of venison, roast or wild turkey, they were in jolly good humor, and sat about, drinking fine old Madeira and homemade cider. Their witty jokes, anecdotes and repartee added to the cheer of the meeting.

Quite different from the cheery court room above mentioned, was a session held here recently of the Superior Court. As the judge, preceded by the Court Crier, enters, the Court respectfully stands until the judge has seated himself. The Crier calls the people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to witness, etc. And then, finished with the brief old ceremony, the court relaxes and lapses into modern language and tone of procedure. The judge is sleepy and the case quite uninteresting. There are only four in the audience. During the cross examination the lawyers interrupt each other, and the judge stirs from his lethargy to settle the dispute. The younger of the two lawyers, lanky and restless, occasionally half rises back from his seat and calls "objected to," or slides back without saying anything. When he questions the witness he often interrupts himself or said witness. Or he paces up and down before the jury, addressing his questions in the opposite direction. The only sign of intended humor is on the part of the witness himself. From time to time the judge and lawyers drink water from tumblers which they fill from leather-covered carafes. A dapper little artist with a pointed beard enters and proceeds to sketch the man in the stand and the fat officer on the right. The jury keeps one eye on the witness and the other on the clock, until recess when the court files out.

The present Court House on East Street was built in 1868 on the Joel Chandler Williams' place. The white marble and dove-colored stone are from the Sheffield quarries. There is no separate court for Pittsfield but local cases must be tried in this, the "Central Berkshire District Court" for Hancock, Lanesboro, Peru, Windsor, Hinsdale, Dalton, Washington, Pittsfield and Richmond. Superior and Supreme Courts also sit at the Pittsfield Court House.

—Margaret Marsh.

The Pittsfield Indians

The climate and the position of the valley that is now called Pittsfield was well suited to the life of the Indians. The high hills surrounding the broad valley with its thick forests and deep swamps gave a diversity of game, while near by was an opportunity for this simple agriculture. In the hottest summer the crops were not likely to fail from lack of moisture. The heavy snowfall made the capture of game easy, while the dry cold was not hard to endure. Lastly, from outside the high ranges of seemingly desolate mountains gave no limit of the peaceful valley within, and offered no inducement to an invading band. It was an ideal home for a weak, peaceful race.

Pittsfield valley was undoubtedly inhabited from the earliest times, but the prehistoric races either left practically no remains of this culture, or left remains that we cannot distinguish from those of the Indians about seventy years ago that was unearthed on the banks of the little brook the Indians called "Wampeenun," a stone mortar and pestle for exceeding in size any other implements for a like purpose ever found in New England. Of course the discovery proves nothing, as the mortar might be the work of some very early settler or some over industrious Mohegan, but it would seem to indicate that a race less accustomed to migration than the Algonquins once inhabited the valley.

A hundred years ago a Captain Merrick plowed up on Indian Hill near Onota Lake, a brass clasp with Hebrew inscriptions. Upon opening it was found to contain a piece of parchment with a verse of scripture written upon it in an old form of Hebrew. This discovery would seem to indicate that Berkshire was once inhabited by the pre-Algonquin race that has left similar remains in other parts of the country. It should be borne in mind that it is far more probable that the race leaving these ornaments acquired them in their Asiatic home from the Jews, than that the race itself was Jewish. Because these remains cannot be of great antiquity, as such things go, and because they were unknown among the American Indians, it would seem that the pre-historic people were very similar in habits to the Algonquins and were wiped out or absorbed by them in comparatively recent times.

Other than the two mentioned, no remains of man in Berkshire seem to antedate the Mohegans, who inhabited this district at the time of the coming of the white man. The Mohegan nation was feeble and few in numbers. Its territory extended from the Hudson to the Connecticut, but only the undesirable character of the land prevented the more powerful Iroquois from seizing it. It is not probable that at any time after 1600 could put more than a few hundred braves in the field. The race was typical of the Algonquins. Except for the adoption of such Dutch words as Housatonic, introduced a century before the English settlement, the Mohegans were no different in language and custom than the Pequots and other Eastern tribes. There was a small permanent village at Pontoosuc, but otherwise the valley was only visited in hunting season. This was due, probably, more because a large settlement would bring down Iroquois raids, than because the valley would not support a greater population.

As is usually the case, the white historian must use his imagination and

reasoning power to bridge over the gaps that the Indian historian always left when matters became uncomfortable for his own race.

From their own story, the Mohegans crossed from one land to another in a place where the waters were narrow and where it was always cold. From there they pushed southward and eastward, passing great fresh seas. At last they reached a great river that ebbed and flowed like the waters of their homeland. Here they settled and in time built up a mighty empire, including most of what is now New York and New England. Several generations before the coming of the whites the Iroquois pushed down the old trail from Alaska. The powerful Mohegans repulsed them and wiped out their fortified villages and towns.

Here the Mohegan historian stops and leaves us to bridge over a century and imagine for ourselves the catastrophe that broke the Mohegan nation, reducing their braves from many thousands to a pitiful handful, swept them into a little corner of their vast empire, and forced them to pay ignominious tribute to their Iroquois masters. The agent in this disaster is to be formed in the Iroquois whom the Mohicans describe as a few scattered tribes and the French found as a mighty confederation holding in object slavery Delaware, Mohicans and many another. From the Iroquois we know that five of their tribes formed a confederation for defense, and from the fact that the Dutch farmers on the Hudson found their fields strewn deep with unburied bones, we may judge that in one great battle, mighty even in modern view, the Mohican power was crushed out.

It is hard for us to realize that Dutchmen and Frenchmen once struggled and died for the possession of this valley, little dreaming that the puny English colonies on the coast would be their successors. I wonder what they would think those worthy Dutchmen in their baggy trousers and those daring Frenchmen in the scarlet and white uniform of Louis, who lie at rest under our streets, if they could rise and see their valley now. Here, indeed is the lake where stood the fort under the white banner of France, and there is the hill where flapped the orange, white and blue standard of Holland, but where have the red men gone, and what is this strange flag with its stripes and its stars?

The French were undoubtedly the first whites to reach the valley of Pittsfield. It was an outpost thrust into the territory of the Dutch and the Iroquois, and later the English. The French, as in the case of the other Whites, had two things in mind; first, to trade, and second to incite the Indians against their white rivals.

The coming of the first English was forecast by the arrival of a party of Pequots at Pontoosuc in their flight from Puritan vengeance. The Mohegans remembered that these Pequots were of the race that had thrown off its allegiance to the Mohegan empire when the Iroquois were victorious, so joining with the English they overtook the fugitive Pequots at Stockbridge.

When the English took over the Dutch lands on the Hudson the Mohicans drifted toward the French cause. Although the Mohegan nation never openly declared war on the English it never took part in the war against the French. Perhaps the intentions of the chiefs were good, but it went against the grain to ally themselves with the British and Iroquois, and such an act would have brought down upon them the vengeance of their Algonquin relatives in French service.

Whether the Mohegans were unable to resist the French and Indians, and so remained neutral, or whether they secretly joined in the attacks on the settlers we do not know, but like all nations that try to remain neutral from weakness or cowardice, they brought down upon themselves the wrath of both parties.

That the Mohegans became few in number and were obliged to seek refuge in Canada is easily understood when we realize the state of terror our ancestors were obliged to live in. Many a peaceful Indian was shot because he startled a settler whose nerves were worn thin with months of fear and apprehension.

Following the Revolution the decline in the numbers of the Mohegans was swift, although a few persisted in Pittsfield until as late as 1870. There are still a few people living who can remember their tepees on our lake shores.

Today, as we turn up an arrow head with a plow, or sit in the dusk by a lonely camp fire, we can only gaze across our valley and dream of a race that lived and loved and fought and died, and left us a few strange names and a few bits of worked flint.

—C. K. Shipton, '21.

Domestic and Social Life (1790-1810)

Domestic life in Pittsfield, as in all New England at this period was simple, economical and unpretentious. Even the homes of the wealthier class were, in most respects, plainly furnished. The only carpets were those made of rags. The first loom-woven carpet, covering a whole floor, was laid in the parlor of John Chandler Williams, and this was of brown and green ingrain. Later it was placed on the choir floor of St. Stephan's Church. Most of the floors were merely sprinkled with white sand. Painted floors were denounced by old ladies as dangerous, from the liability to slip upon them. The furniture, as a whole, was strong and durable. Paper hangings rarely concealed the plaster walls. Tallow candles were the only source of light and the candlesticks were of brass rather than of iron.

In dress there was somewhat more distinction than in furniture. Society ladies had their silk robes, but not for daily use. The use of calico by the women had become almost universal since the revolutionary war. Home-made linens were almost as popular. The fashions then were changing. Small clothes, knee breeches, cocked hats and queues of the men were giving way to the more simple modern styles. Scarlet cloaks at this time were fashionable to both sexes. In the household there were few appliances and inventions to relieve the labor of the housewife. The cooking, washing, sewing and the like were done by main strength. Many Pittsfield families had colored slaves. Most households however included in their number "hired help". The "help" usually lived on terms of equality with the family. The tables of all moderately well-to-do people were plentifully and temptingly spread. There was much hospitality and visiting friends were always welcome to the fireside of their neighbor.

The social life of Pittsfield at this time, that is just before the War of 1812 was more genial, merry, and unconstrained than at any period before or since.

Social gatherings were frequent and characterized by much innocent gaiety. Public balls, private dancing parties, tea parties and hunting frolics, and ministers "bees" followed each other in rapid succession. The ladies' "bees" for the benefit of ministers were very popular. This little item was extracted from a newspaper of the time. "Thursday last, forty-five young ladies of this town met at the house of Rev. Mr. Allen and presented his wife with fifty-five runs of homespun yarn which was made in the best manner, as a sample of their industry, generosity and friendship."

Hunting matches in those old Pittsfield days when game was abundant, were very popular.

The parties, balls, and huskings not only gathered their participants from a limited circle in thickly populated villages, but also from widely scattered farm-houses and even from neighboring towns, especially Dalton and Lanesboro, where some very popular belles resided. The invitations having been given, and the time and place announced, the young man proceeded on horseback each to the house of some young lady who had accepted his escort and who promptly mounted the pillion behind him and clasped his waist. In this pleasant fashion, the pair, sometimes with others rode from one to six miles to the ball-room or parlor. The dance was kept up until long after midnight. Then a feast of substantial luxuries was provided and partaken of with hearty relish. The ladies sipped their wine and cider while the gentlemen indulged in even more fiery beverages. The festivities over, the guests separated and returned as they had come.

No event was suffered to pass without some festal entertainment. There was something very pleasant in this keen and general enjoyment of every variety of social life in Pittsfield, and it is no wonder that those living a few years ago in extreme old age, look back upon it with delighted memories, and love to recount the festal scenes of their childhood.

—Mildred Higgins, '21.

A Short Revised History of the Pittsfield Street Car Service

Forewords

Being a student, both of History and Science, and deeply interested in the research work for the recovery of the ruins and records of ancient civilizations, and having a keen foresight, though not needing much, to see the time when Pittsfield cars will take their place with the Dodo and Momoth Dinosauria, I have decided, unselfishly, to leave to scientists and investigators of future days, a record of a civilization that once was ours. By so doing, I believe, I can rid them of much unnecessary work. Knowing and realizing as I do, how difficult it is to write on such a subject, so as to please the tastes of future generations, I will pattern my story after the well known story Caesar wrote, so as to make it both interesting and instructive. But unlike Caesar, I will not brag neither will I use his lingo.

Book I. Verses 7-11

Many moons ago, before East Street was admitted to the city and at about the same time P. J. Moore ran for the first time for Mayor, our forefathers, well meaning gentlemen that they were, desiring to do all they could for our fair city and to gain for its citizens privileges and enjoyments such as enjoyed by the citizens of Holyoke, banded together and by popular subscription, started what was later to be the cause of much argument and discouragement to their posterity. This new organization was the Pittsfield Street Railway. It occupied a spot close to the hearts of these good men and they guarded it jealously. Under their nourishment it grew like a child and as a child wears out its clothes so did the Street Railway wear out its attirement, but alas, it never was refurnished. With the passing of the only men interested in its welfare to a better land, this overgrown child so to speak, was woefully neglected. It was never aided in any way and robbed of its life blood by hundreds of parasites (who you see collecting fares on Morningside cars every day) it fell into decay—yes, friends and that is the condition in which it is handed to us today.

"From ashes to ashes and dust to dust
For every street car we've a barrel of rust."

—J. T. Waldron.

Pittsfield Benefactor

As the Alps are to Switzerland, the Adirondacks to New York State, and the White Mountains to New Hampshire so are the Berkshire Hills to Western Massachusetts. Nestled in them, Pittsfield owes to them its charm and popularity. We may boast of our manufacturing, our businesses and yet, should a giant move Pittsfield to a place less lavished by Nature, one would find that no longer could Pittsfield keep the seat it now holds in comparison with other cities. If then, the country surrounding Pittsfield is its benefactor is it more than just that we, the inhabitants of the favored city should protect and care for that to which we owe so much? By all means it is not!

The picnicker, autoist, fisherman, hunter, camper and others all may help. The short trout thrown back, the papers picked up after the picnickers, the campfire properly extinguished, the birch tree left unmolested. All help to pay back our debt to Dame Nature.

Remember that laws pertaining to conservation were made for your own good and as such respect and obey. A thoughtless act may cause you endless remorse. A seemingly harmless campfire on Constitution Hill robbed the country side of a land mark known and loved by all. Let us respect the farmer and his possessions for it is he, who holds the key to some of Nature's choicest spots. Thoughtless people leaving bars down and breaking fences often cause farmers to post their land in self defense. Let our motto always be, while tramping the countryside, "Remember the fellow who comes after."

—W. Strong.

Historical Notes of Pittsfield

Pittsfield's first board of trade was appointed in 1768 when a town meeting named William Williams, Joseph Wright, Stephen Crofut, James Easton and Rev. Thomas Allen to examine into the Townsend revenue act, a Boston measure. This act proposed an agreement to discontinue importation and except in cases of absolute necessity, the consumption of British goods, and to encourage American industry, economy and manufacturing.

The first census of Pittsfield in 1772 showed 183 families with a total population of 828.

Col. William Williams lived at the Bob Rice Farm. He was at that time, "the biggest man in town", having been elected to the General Court in the years of 1762, '64, '69, and '70. He had preserved friendly relations with the royal governor from a time long before the incorporation of Pittsfield. He also held, by appointment of the governor the offices of chief justice of Common Pleas and judge of the probate for Berkshire. He moreover, was permitted to name his friends for other offices and enjoyed the dignity of Colonel in the Berkshire regiment of militia and still to accumulate the ties which bound him to the royalist party, he was an officer at half-pay in the retired British Army.

Parson Allen was handsome and slim. He had fair skin, a mild eye and a clear pleasant voice. His temperament was nervous. His organization of body was wiry and strong. His motions were quick and decided and whether he rode or walked it did not take him long to move.

Brewing was done in Pittsfield as early as 1763 when William Brattle was privileged to set up "lengthwise in the road against his house, a malt house 18 feet wide, and to keep it there as long as he made good malt. The early settlers drank ale and William Brattle was expected to furnish the malt for it."

Deacon Stephen Crofut built a bridge in 1754, the first public works ever completed in Pittsfield, across the river a little east of the side of the present Elm Street bridge.

Captain Charles Goodrich drove the first cart and team in Pittsfield.

—Hugo Bornak.

The Old Berkshire Hotel

The Berkshire Hotel, a gathering place for the old Pittsfield people, was one of the best and most interesting places of Pittsfield. On the present site of the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, there was a three story wooden structure with piazzas the full front, one for each story. The hotel was first known as Merrick's Inn. In 1826 however, the property was sold to Solomon N. and Zenas Russell. Eight months after these gentlemen purchased the building it was burned, but was rebuilt by the same men in 1827. After many changes, the hotel was sold to William B. Cooley and was kept by him, until the Berkshire Life Insurance Company bought it in 1863. There were many landlords, and many pleasant stories are told of the hotel.

In those days, when traveling was done by stage; and a person, who arrived on the eleven o'clock night stage, was very much jolted while traveling over the Berkshire roads. When he arrived at the Berkshire Hotel, he would be welcomed to a seat near the cheery blaze of the fireplace, by a genial crowd who were discussing the affairs and gossip of the village. Needless to say, the most frequented part of the place was the bar. Here the men of the village gathered in great numbers, until Mr. Cooley took over the place. Now the bar gave way to a reading room, which came to be the common council room of the village and the favorite resort of chat.

The dining room of the old hotel was used annually for almost forty years, when the Berkshire Medical College gave its commencement dinner. It was in this room that Henry Clay, the distinguished guest of Hon. Henry Shaw, was given a dinner. While speaking of visitors one might mention that such men as VanBuren, John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate who came here at various times. In the Berkshire Hotel, John Tyler and his bride spent part of their honeymoon.

When such events as the agricultural and cattle shows were being held, the dance hall on the third floor was sought by the young ladies and gentlemen. Of this merry place the following lines are written.

"In that old hall, where harp and fiddle, gave signal sweet, of hands across and down the middle."

There are many other interesting things to tell in connection with the old Berkshire Hotel.

—George H. Clough.

Romances of a Tree

Of course everyone in Pittsfield has at sometime heard of the splendid old elm tree that grew in Pittsfield Park where a sun-dial now marks its place. It even has its place of fame among the trees of America. It was of exceptional beauty, shooting up into the air one hundred and twenty-six feet—a tall grey pillar with a few green branches, and a few shattered, bare limbs. From Greylock to Monument Mountain there was never an inanimate object so respected and so revered as this tree. Nor did it grow without a history connected with human lives.

It is interesting to think that what is now a park, surrounded by paved streets and buildings was once a swamp, in the center of which grew the young sapling. In those days, the white man hadn't attempted to build his home so far inland.

The First Peril

The story is old and half forgotten, but we enjoy and even believe it because it is romance.

One murderous night the beautiful daughter of an English pastor was torn from the dead body of her father by the Indians and brought thus far on her way



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Prosperity is our new monthly paper which tells many interesting things about the City Savings Bank of Pittsfield as well as of other places and it is a paper which we feel sure you will like to read each month.

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And when you save, place your savings in this bank where they will increase in value and you will soon realize you will not only read **Prosperity**, but your savings will make **Prosperity** a reality for you.

CITY SAVINGS BANK OF PITTSFIELD

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101 WOODLAWN AVENUE

Dalton Branch:
UNION BLOCK

to Canada. They were a family which had left comfortable circumstances in England to come to America for religious freedom. Isabel Watton was a sweet tempered young girl, who brought the very sunshine into their rude log-cabin.

Here, in Pittsfield, then called Pontoosuc, she was doomed to death by fire. Indeed, she was already bound to the young tree and fagots were piled about her, when a small detachment of French soldiers appeared. They were led by a handsome young lieutenant. Impressed by her maidenly modesty, as well as by the brave and almost saintly bearing, he interfered so vehemently that they were forced to free her. Thus the tree was saved from the hands of man for the first time. Isabel reached Montreal safely under the guidance of the French lieutenant. And they say that she didn't find the trip so tiresome and tedious after all.

Their wedding anniversary has long been celebrated by their descendants. Were we to visit them, they would show us a queer, in fact preposterous picture of a young girl, with features too delicate to be human, very yellow hair, white skin and plump, rosy cheeks, the "rose" of which refuses to mingle with the white. They would tell us that it is a picture of their great-great-great-grandmother Isabel and that it was painted by a Jesuit priest. He must have been very much impressed with her character, for on examining it closely we would see the faint suggestion of a halo. The Tanaudaneries prize the piece greatly, but surely they can not believe it really looks like their gentle grandma Isabel.

While Isabel and Pierre lived, loved, and died the stately elm grew and flourished untroubled by memories.

"How straight it grows!" said the Indian maiden.

"Straight as an arrow!" echoed the warrior.

The Second Peril

But the young elm was not the only thing to grow. The Massachusetts Bay Colony grew and flourished too. A group of white men finally settled in the Indian's Pontoosuc and began to think of clearing high ways.

There was danger for our elm. There is no despot so unresisting to appeals for justice as the enemy of nature and her rights. The early New England surveyor was this!

Nothing short of a miracle would save the tree from ruin. Its fate rested in the hands of a stout farmer from Connecticut who was lord of many acres through this region.

One summer day—one of those rare days that brings out the best in a man, he saw what it took a rare eye to see in those forest-hating days. He saw that God had made this tree beautiful and that it was a thing to be honored by coming generations, not to be pulled up like a worthless weed.

So we do not hesitate to honor the name of Captain Charles Goodrich.

The Third Peril

Until 1790 the town had worshipped in a little brown meeting house, rich in memories, but in no other respect.

A famous Boston architect furnished plans for a new one, and the town's

Colonial Theatre

NOW PLAYING TWICE DAILY
EXCEPT MONDAY

A Representative Stock Company in late New York Successes

Week May 30

"Turn To The Right"

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"Sign On The Door"

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Victor Herbert's Musical Hit

"The Only Girl"

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people immediately decided that it should be in the most convenient place possible. Unfortunately, this convenient spot was no other than that where the elm stood. Danger again! If the tree's dryad had never been frightened before, she sure'y must have shuddered then.

A certain Williams family were especially fond of the tree and strongly opposed the project. There was grief and indignation in the Williams mansion.

Madam Williams did not ask the woodman to spare the tree. It is of tradition that she, once with great danger, threw herself between her father and a mob of raging Whigs. And she saved the tree in the same way—placing herself resolutely before it when they were about to fell it.

Had any other woman done this she would probably have been thrust aside without ceremony. But the Williams family was an old and influential one. There were none to lay violent hands upon her.

Other land was given and there are many details, but what concerns us is that the tree was again saved.

Doom

After all, it was not the hands of man that destroyed it. A thunderbolt fell crashingly down upon it, and made its way down the tall trunk, making a wound from top to bottom.

This was its death wound, and it remained green but for a short time. Finally one summer morning it was whispered about that the old tree was bending to fall. The axe then kindly aided its descent until it lay prostrate upon the ground.

—Myra Kimball

Pittsfield's Leading Industries

Pittsfield is the second largest city in Massachusetts west of the Connecticut River. Its population in the spring of 1920, was estimated to be about 41,000, an increase of about 4,000 since the census of 1915, and it is growing all the while. It is the trading center of Berkshire County. Its skilled labor earns high wages. These two facts spell prosperity for the retail merchants, not for the summer alone but for all four seasons of the year. The volume of mercantile business is tremendous. Its mercantile establishments cover all lines; its stores are modern, attractive and admirably conducted and the stocks carried are in keeping with these conditions.

The manufacturing plants are on the outskirts of the city and in no way detract from its charm as a place of residence. The fine factory sites, close to the railroads, have not all been occupied. There are numerous good ones still available.

Pittsfield is the home of more than 100 manufacturing establishments and some of them employ from 1,000 to 7,000 hands. Chief among them is the Pittsfield Works of the General Electric Company. This concern employs about 7,000 hands when working full time. It makes 75% of all the electric fans in this country. Here are made the wonderful modern electric cooking devices

which have been installed on many of the new battleships of the United States Navy. A visit to this plant is a liberal education.

Pittsfield's second great industry is the Eaton, Crane and Pike Company, the largest manufacturers of fine stationery in the world. It employs about 1,000 hands and has about 50 salesmen who carry its products to all parts of the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico and South America. Every package of paper and envelopes bears the mark "Made In The Berkshires."

In the E. D. Jones & Sons Company Works machinery for paper and pulp mills is manufactured. It was founded by E. D. Jones in 1867 and was incorporated in 1893. Mills in Japan, China, and Mexico have been lately equipped from these works.

The next is the Pontoosuc Woolen Manufacturing Company which carries on the oldest woolen industry in Western Massachusetts. Its plant covers many acres. There are a series of detached buildings including power building, wool storage house, dye houses and dwellings for the operatives. Its manufactures include woolen and worsted for men's wear, fine dress goods, travelling rugs and blankets.

The Crane and Company's Government Mill is America's most noted paper mill. Here is made the paper on which bank notes and government bonds are printed. Crane & Company, the owners of the mill, have enjoyed a monopoly of the business since 1879.

Since 1837 fine woolen fabrics have been manufactured by the S. N. & C. Russell Manufacturing Company. The output is high grade fancy cassimeres, kerseys and woolen cloth. This mill contains a complete machinery equipment and furnishes employment for between 250 and 300 operatives.

The Berkshire Woolen and Worsted Company occupy the mills formerly a part of the J. L. & T. D. Peck Manufacturing Company. The plant is advantageously situated with regard to water power and other facilities. The mills have about 28 sets of cards and 120 looms, normally employing around 400 hands. The product of the mills is fancy cassimeres and ladies cloakings.

The mills of James & E. H. Wilson have manufacturing equipment which is the best. The output is a superior quality of woolen dress goods, woolen cloths, beavers, kerseys and cloakings. The output is over 500,000 yards a year.

The Tillotson Company organized in 1901, has a capital stock issued to the value of \$350,000. It manufactures from raw material and sells direct, fine fancy worsteds for men's wear, and in its Silver Lake plant, high grade woolen knit underwear. Its plant in West Pittsfield has 22 sets of cards and about 5,000 spindles, a dye house and finishing plant. This plant has offices in New York City.

The A. H. Rice Company plant is one of the most complete of its kind in the country. It is located at the corner of Burbank and Spring Streets. In normal times this mill employs about 150 hands. The product comprises sewing silks, the finest grade machine and buttonhole twist, mebroiderie silk, and plain and fancy silk braids manufactured from raw material.

The Musgrove Knitting Company began business on West Street in 1895

and outgrowing its location, removed to its present mills on Curtiss Street where it has had a steady and increasing growth. It is regarded as one of the most prosperous of the smaller manufacturing works in Pittsfield.

Pittsfield's banking facilities are entirely adequate to the needs of the community. There are eight banking institutions officered by public spirited and progressive men, and some of them stand high on the national reports. The per-capita deposit in the savings and co-operative banks is usually high.

Just take advantage of the privileges granted by the railroads and stop over for a little look around Pittsfield. You will be impressed with its neatness, delighted with its fine broad streets, imposing buildings and attractive homes. You will carry away with you the sure conviction that you have seen of the finest little cities on the map.

—*Esther A. Stodden, '21.*

The Berkshire Athenaeum

The Berkshire Athenaeum, given to the City of Pittsfield by Thomas Allen, was dedicated September 23, 1876, and was opened to the public October 2, 1876. It was voted at the town meeting that \$2,000 should be appropriated yearly until the bequest of Phineas Allen could be executed. The first librarian and curator was Edgar Hubbell.

When the Athenaeum was opened, the library contained about 8,000 volumes; in the reading room, one newspaper, ten weekly and six monthly periodicals were furnished. From 1873 to 1879, no purchase of new books was possible; so, in 1879, the town meeting appropriated a sum of money for the specific purpose of buying books; and a fund was raised by private subscription for procuring newspapers and magazines.

In June 1879, the librarian reported that there were 9,248 books; 3,211 persons held cards; during the preceding 12 months, 25,008 books were lent.

In 1878, the Berkshire Historical and Scientific Association established its headquarters in the west room on the second floor; and its collection of scientific and antiquarium interest grew to a considerable size. The East room was equipped as a lecture hall; several societies held their meetings there. In the central room there was a gallery of art, in which interest was stimulated in 1880, by the temporary establishment of a Loan Art Exhibition for several weeks. It proved a great attraction for many people.

However the number of books in the library was not adequate, and the system of cataloguing needed expensive revision. Therefore in 1883, the trustees borrowed enough money from the estate of Phineas Allen to rearrange the library, catalogue it, and buy new books. In 1883, the circulating library was practically renewed; 4,249 volumes were added; they were newly catalogued and arranged. The Athenaeum was closed for eleven weeks, and reopened December 15, 1883.

Mr. Hubbell resigned as librarian in November 1888, and was immediately followed by Harlan H. Ballard, who is the present librarian. His first annual

report was in June, 1889. There were then 15,890 books. There was a gradual gain, and in 1893, the number of books reached 20,000.

The Phineas Allen estate passed to the Athenaeum in 1891. It was valued at \$70,000. More library space was now necessary. The need was increased by the donation of 2,000 volumes of Oliver W. Holmes' library, given by his son, Justice Holmes of the Supreme Court. An attempt was made to purchase some land in the rear of the library, but it failed. So in 1895, the trustees petitioned the legislature to be allowed to take one fourth of an acre in the rear of the library by the right of eminent domain. The petition was granted and a new extension was built in 1897 at a cost of \$50,000. By means of this extension 70,000 books could be arranged.

Until 1897, the city had been without official representation in the corporate management of the Athenaeum. In 1897, the trustees altered the organization. They obtained from the legislature an amendment to the charter by which the mayor, chairman of the school committee and the city treasurer became trustees of the Athenaeum during their tenure of office. By this means the city might require of the treasurer a rendering of account of the funds used by the Athenaeum. Under this closer relationship appropriations increased to \$5,000 in 1898 and in 1915, to \$10,000.

In 1899, there were 34,000 books in the library. The circulation was 80,000. In the same year, a class for training librarians was formed. There were six pupils. In return for this training librarians were to give one year of service.

Going to the Prom?



OF COURSE. Then you will want to be dressed just as prettily as all the rest of the lucky girls who have been invited. How would a shimmering petal Frock of taffeta do? You will be enchanted with the tulle Frocks and the lace modes too, but why go on telling about them, when you can come in any time and let your eyes feast on their attractive colors, fabrics and styles.

The Wallace Company

Pittsfield, Mass.



A branch circulating library was established near Russell factory village. In 1902 the circulation of the library reached 100,000. The working staff increased so that in 1915, it numbered twelve, in five working departments. There were 65,000 books and the circulation was 104,000.

—L. Elsesser, '21.

Au Printemps

I.

Je t'adore!
Je t'adore!
Petits oiseaux,
Bleu ciel,
Petits chansons
Le jour souriant.
Je t'adore!
Je t'adore!

II.

Moi la tienne!
Moi la tienne!
Fleurettes rougissantes,
Soleil d'or
Rien a faire,
Le monde a nous.
Toi le mien!
Toi le mien!

M. B. M., '21.

The Cheery Transfer

If you are on the Gloomy line,
If you're inclined to Fret and Pine,
Get off the track of Doubt and Gloom;
Get on the Sunshine Train—there's room,
Get a Transfer!

If you are on the Worry Train,
You must not stay there and complain,
The Cheerful Cars are passing through,
And there is lots of room for you,
Get a Transfer!

—Carolyn Cooper, '21.

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The Up-town Jeweler

301 North St.

2 Delicious Butters 2

Cabot Creamery Butter

Has a sweet creamy flavor—delicate yellow texture, and wholesome as the air from whence it comes. Ask for **Cabot Creamery Butter**, it is so easy to say and so satisfying to the epicure. A butter far more choice than the average, a product from one of the leading creameries in the country—an unsurpassed dairy section in the Green Mountains of Vermont.

Wonderful Peanut Butter

made while you wait from fresh roasted and blended peanuts—made as you look on—no doubt as to ingredients. We grind peanuts just as we grind coffee. Peanut butter has a splendid food value, rich in protein and when you can buy it freshly made right from the machine—it's surely delicious.

MACKEN BROTHERS

Largest Food Market in Western Massachusetts

Kinnell Bldg., Pittsfield, Mass.

Pittsfield

Its just a bit of heaven
Nestled 'mongst the Berkshire Hills,
With its wondrous lakes and mountains
And its glorious streams and rills.

When you're feeling tired and lonely
There's a friend who'll understand
In the woodland all about you—
This paradise so grand.

Have you ever stopped to wonder
What this great old world would be
If it wasn't for the old home town
So dear to you and me?

And for beauty or for comfort
Or for atmosphere that's fine
You can have your Paris, Rome or Alps,
Its Pittsfield, Bud, for mine.

—Alex. W. Milne.

At Recess Time

Step around the corner in Howard Block.
We have a full line of Fresh Fruit and
Fancy Cookies for your lunch.

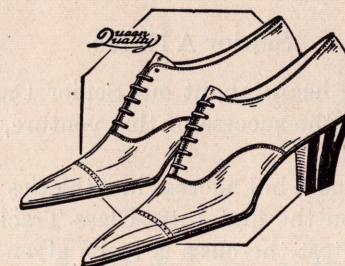


HOCKRIDGE & CASTLE

Dealer in Pure Foods

Queen Quality Shoes

Style Fit Wear



MEYBET SHOE STORE

84 North Street

Sold by all Pittsfield Dry Goods Stores

RICE'S MOOTHEST
STRONGEST
SEWING
SILK

RICE'S BEST
QUALITY
BRAIDS

Sold by all Pittsfield Dry Goods Stores

SCHOOL NOTES

Senior A Notes

Of course you have all heard about our Senior Dance. There is probably little need of telling you of the success of this venture, especially from a social standpoint.

Success, not only in dances but success in Athletics is also ours. For Senior A and Senior B Classes won the first Inter-Class Track Meet held at P. H. S. For our success in this contest the class is to be given a banner which will be placed in the Senior Home Rooms. As an additional reward all Seniors who scored points are to be given class numerals.

—I. R. V., '21.

Senior B's

During the past month the Senior B's have not been doing much. But there are a few things that, no doubt, will be interesting to note.

The Senior B's, who take Spanish from Miss Day the third period, are going to give a Spanish play in one act. No one knows what it's going to be, because all the pupils in that class are going to write a play (in English). Then the best one will be translated into Spanish. All the Spanish Classes in the school are going to see this play which will be given in the auditorium, some day during the "A" period. If the play is a success it will be translated into English and given in the auditorium some Thursday morning, as a contribution from the Senior B Class. Miss Day deserves all the credit for this idea as she brought it before us. Escuhene V. V. todos los estudiantes de espanol, in a short time you will have an opportunity to show how much Spanish you understand.

JOSEPH PFEIFFER

(Established 1910)

Art Craft Shop

FURNITURE
UPHOLSTERY : AWNINGS : DRAPERIES
FRAMED and UNFRAMED
PICTURES

180 North Street

Telephone 983-J

Pittsfield, Mass.

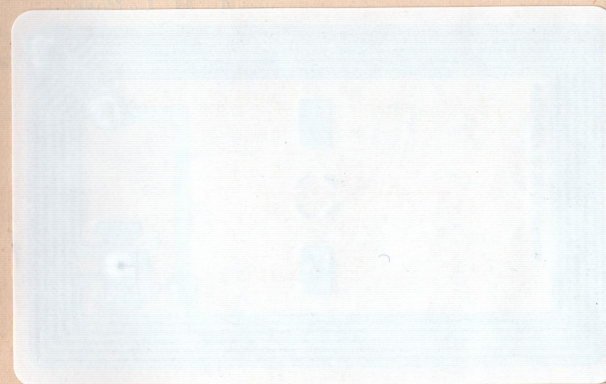
W. E. Tillotson Mfg. Co.

Fine Worsted and Woolen Outings

Collins' Health Underwear

Collins' Coats

(Guaranteed Pure Wool)



Little Details

may not be so important to some persons but they are of great importance to business. Our careful attention to little details has made many friends and customers for this store—enables us to give courteous, prompt and efficient service—enables us to offer lowest prices, enables us to procure the very best grades of merchandise. It is these details that make shopping here pleasant, convenient, profitable and satisfactory. Let us supply your hardware wants.

Think of us when you want good hardware.

**BARRIS - KENYON
COMPANY
HARDWARE**

The class rings are on their way, thanks to "Ed" Osteyee and very soon the Senior B's will be wearing them.

Have you heard about the interesting work the Senior B's have been doing in English the fourth period? Mr. Hayes has made a special effort to make our English work interesting and he has succeeded beyond a doubt. The class gave a few one act plays which were very interesting as well as humorous.

These are just a few of the things we have been doing but we are looking forward to others.

—A. M. LeRose.

Hood's Workshu

"Built like an Auto Tire"

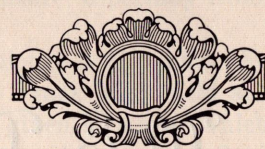
Brown mailbag duck uppers, welded to tire thread soles by live steam pressure. Pneumatic heels. "Walk on Air"

For Men, Boys, Women and Children

Henry Kahl BLAISDELL BLOCK
413-415 North Street



James Cheyne Upholstery Carpets Shades and Awnings



54 North St.
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

School Notes

The members of the play committee are Thomas Killian, Chairman, Irene Bliss, Marion Cooke, Dorothy Brown, Marion White, Donald Ferris, Robert Kenyon, Harvey Brownell, Robert Peck, Roger Burns, and John Hopper. This committee has appointed as Business Manager, Winton Patnode with Harvey Brownell as assistant, and press agent John Hopper. The posters are in charge of James Bramble.

The play selected is a pleasing three act comedy entitled "When a Feller Needs a Friend." The class has been fortunate in securing as coach for the play, Miss Madeline Pfeiffer of the English Department. Those in the cast are:

TOM DENCER, an artist.....	Thomas Killian
BOB MILLS, a magazine writer.....	Bruce Humphreville
MRS. REESE, their landlady.....	Elizabeth McLaughlin
JERRY SMITH, just returned from "Over There".....	Roger Burns
LIZ, Mrs. Reese's step-daughter.....	Evelyn Gregory
"BING" DICKSON, Liz's steady.....	William Barnes
WILLIAM DENKER, Tom's Uncle.....	John Hopper
ALICE KING, Tom's Aunt.....	Frances Fowler
ELAINE LYNNE, Alice King's ward.....	Beatrice Rowan
ANGELA SCOTT, Bob's fiancée.....	Marion White

FRANK HOWARD

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, SEEDS, FERTILIZERS,
LIME, CEMENT, SEWER PIPE,

DAIRY AND POULTRY SUPPLIES

FENN, FIRST AND FEDERAL STREETS,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

General Agents for Western Massachusetts
United States Casualty Co.

Parker & Shipton

All Lines of Insurance

Shipton Building
Pittsfield

Synopsis

ACT I. A Room in Mrs. Reese's Apartment House, 10.00 A. M.

ACT II. The same—11.00 A. M.

ACT III. The same—12.00 A. M.

Time: A Friday morning in November 1919.

Place: New York City.

Alumni Notes

Russell Holdredge, '21, will continue in his present employment at Griffin's Feed Store until he enters college next fall.

Robert Costine, '21, is now an employee of the E. D. Jones Co.

Miss Beatrice Anthony, '21, is taking a post-graduate course at Pittsfield High.

Wallace Alexander, '20, recently resigned his position at the General Electric Works and has returned to Pittsfield High as a post-graduate. He plans to enter Tufts in the fall.

Edward Coster, '21, remains in the employ of Dunham and Crane. "Eddie" plans to enter some College of Pharmacy in September.

Frank Mangan, '21, is taking a post-graduate course at Commercial High. Due to his success in "Engaged by Wednesday," "Pinky" has been invited to play one of the leading roles in the play to be given by the Seniors of Commercial High. May Cahill is teaching school in Hinsdale.

Dorothy O'Brien is taking a three years course at the Worcester Training Hospital. Elizabeth Ryan is at Berkshire Business College.

Why Not?

Have your savings account in the
oldest and strongest bank in
Western Massachusetts

AGRICULTURAL NATIONAL BANK
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Fan Comfort

The tiniest tot and the fattest old man both prick up their ears
and grin when they hear the breezy music of a G.E. fan.



Keeping Cool

is an art for all ages in all walks of life. At work or play, anyone is worth more to himself and everybody around him if he keeps cool.

G. E. fans make it easy to keep cool everywhere. Don't fool yourself. It doesn't pay to get along without one.

See the nearest G-E fan dealer and get the fan best suited to your needs.

General Electric Company



The Exchange Log

The Exchange Department is one of the most interesting Departments of the School Paper. This is true because there are always magazines from other schools to look over. We are all glad to hear of the activities and news of other High Schools.

We now receive the following papers as Exchanges:

"The Acorn," Roanoke, Va.; "Bangor Oracle," Bangor, Me.; "Blue and Gold," Malden, Mass. (weekly); "Cardinal and Gray," Brandon, Vt. (weekly); "The Catamount," Bennington, Vt.; "The Crimson and Gray," Southbridge, Mass.; "The Crimson and White," Albany, N. Y.; "Dean Megaphone," Franklin, Mass.; "Drury Academy," North Adams, Mass.; "The Enigma," Lenox, Mass.; "The Garnet and White," West Chester, Pa.; "Kent Quarterly," Kent, Conn.; "The Lancastonian," Lancaster, N. H.; "The Magpie," Waterbury, Conn.; "The Oracle," Manchester, N. H.; "The Recorder," Syracuse, N. Y.; "The Register," Burlington, Vt.; "The Roman," Rome, Ga.; "The Scarlet Tanager," Chatham, N. Y.; "S. H. S. Echoes," Springfield, Vt.; "The Taconic," Williamstown, Mass.; "The Talisman," Huntington, Mass.; "Powder Horn," Duxbury, Mass.

Berkshire Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Established, 1835

Sunrise Greenhouses and Gardens

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants

R. A. CHAPMAN, Florist

260 Woodleigh Avenue, Pittsfield

Telephone 580

Our Opinion of Others

"The Recorder," Syracuse, N. Y. Your magazine is very well written. Your literary department especially deserves praise.

"The Register," Burlington, Vt. You have an exceedingly good Alumni Department. The paper is interesting. A few more cuts would improve it.

"The Taconic," Williamstown, Mass. Your magazine is among the best that we receive. The departments show careful preparation. We would like to know how you support such a fine paper without advertisements.

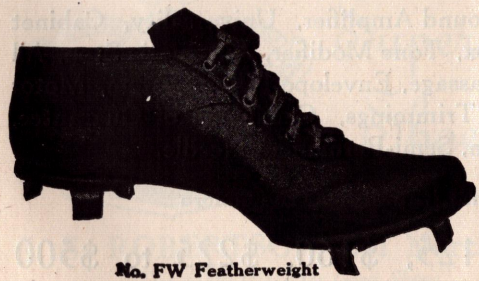
"The Powder Horn," Duxbury, Mass. We were glad to hear from you and hope that we may become better acquainted in the future. Your paper is very clever and one which everyone enjoys reading.

For Graduation Gifts

Pearl Necklaces, Watches, Rings, Pencils,
Fountain Pens and Knives

Low Prices

T.J.BETTERS, 397 North Street, Pittsfield



No. FW Featherweight

Belden's Sporting Goods Co.

*Largest Assortment of Base
Ball Goods in Berkshire County
at Lowest Prices*

277 North Street Pittsfield

Commercial Notes

A girls' baseball team has been organized which will play the various grammar school teams and one Camp Fire team. Natalie Smith has been elected manager and Frances Gannon, captain.

The two tennis courts on the east playground are very popular, both at recess and after school. Anyone who contributes to Athletics may use them, but, in order to give everyone who wishes to play, a chance, all who are interested should register with Miss Nelson at the office. We wish to thank Mr. Ford and the boys who helped him, for giving their time in order to make the courts for us.

The Kilowatt concert given lately for the benefit of our Athletic Association was fairly successful. The net proceeds were \$42.90. The girls who sold candy made about seventeen dollars; but, as the senior boys were practically the only ones who contributed toward the materials used, the girls cleared only about seven dollars on the candy.

Our baseball team has played Searles and Lee this season. About seventy-five people went to the Lee game in the car chartered by the Athletic Association. Miss Nelson was the chaperon.

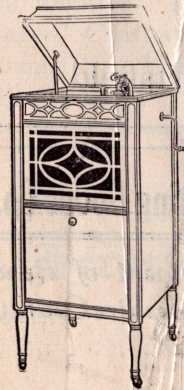
The Camera Club, of which Miss Baker has charge, has a membership of about fifteen. The members develop and print the pictures which they take on their Tuesday morning walks. They have also made cloth blueprints of ferns and other objects.

Atherton Furniture Company

A Good Place to Trade

D. J. SHAW, Mgr.

Quality Furniture



Home of the SONORA Phonograph

The Highest Class Phonograph in the World

15 Decisive Reasons Why Your Choice Should Be a SONORA

Tone Quality, Sound Amplifier, Universality, Cabinet Work, Sound Box, Tone Modifier, Automatic Stop, All Wooden Tone Passage, Envelope Filing System, Motor Meter, Exterior Trimmings, Certificate of Guarantee, Patent Protection, Semi-Permanent Needle.

Come in and hear the Sonora

From \$50, \$90, \$100, \$125, \$160, \$225 to \$500

H. S. TAYLOR & SON

A SPLENDID LINE OF SPORT SUITS

LONG TROUSERS OR KNICKERS

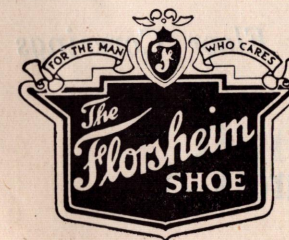
Anthony Maribella is our star chess and checker player. He is not a child prodigy, but still he is a wonder. The membership of the Chess and Checkers Club is about ten.

A picture of Miss Agnes Miloy, class of February, 1920—appeared recently in the Sunday Springfield Republican. Miss Miloy is attending the Bay Path Institute at Springfield and has won honors for high speed attained on the Underwood Typewriter.

Oi! Oi!

Floity Goity Moiphy
Soit'nly is a boid
She lives on thoity-2nd street
Right next to thoity-thoid.

Goity reads the joinal
Goity reads the woild
Gosh! How I love Goity
When Goity's hair is coiled.



Superior
Shoes

every known standard

J. S. ROBERTSON, 221 North St.

"The Right Place for Good Shoes"



One EAGLE sold for cash

At a ratio of every FOUR persons in Pittsfield and to every FOUR AND ONE-HALF persons in its territory, which includes central and southern Berkshire County. The net paid daily circulation of the EAGLE is now 15,788, and every single day in the week the EAGLE circulates throughout central and southern Berkshire. Its circulation in Great Barrington alone DAILY is 1,324.

Commercial Senior A Notes

The Senior A class held a Cake Sale at England's store Saturday, May 21. The proceeds will be used to pay the remainder due on the class rings.

The Senior Play, "No Trespassing" will be given May 27 in the high school auditorium. The cast is as follows:

LISLE IRVING.....	Doris Cobb
HERBERT EDMUND RAYNOR	William Casey
PEGGY PALMER.....	Vera Unbehend
CLEVELAND TOWER.....	Frank Mangan
BENJAMIN PALMER.....	Isaac Harmon
MRS. BENJAMIN PALMER.....	Elizabeth Kilian
BARBARA PALMER.....	Maybelle Brehart
BILL MEEDER.....	John Keegan
ALMEDA MEEDER.....	Etta Denison
JIM MEEDER.....	John Lamereaux
MR. IRVING.....	Raymond Peaslee

Mrs. Clifford Dartt—*Coach.*

The Senior Class Prophets are Vera Unbehend and Richard Baer; the Statisticians, Gertrude Halperin and Elizabeth Kilian, and the Historian, Mildred Peary. Raymond Peaslee will write the Last Will and Testament. The Class Colors are Harding blue and Coolidge gray.

Furniture -- Stoves
HOUSEHOLD GOODS

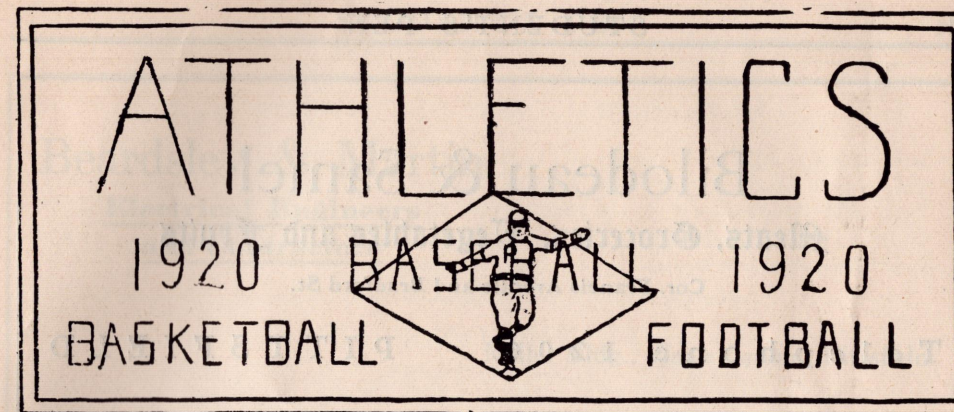
Floor Coverings

The Berkshire Furniture Co.

351-353 North Street

Telephone 2364-J

PITTSFIELD, MASS.



Pittsfield High 18, Williamstown High 4

Pittsfield High won over Williamstown 18 to 4 on the common May 7, in a slow and uninteresting game. Pittsfield far outclassed their opponents. In the first inning Pittsfield scored 12 runs. Pittsfield used all of its pitchers while Williamstown used two. The hitting of Crown and O'Brien featured, the former getting a home run and two singles and the latter a double and two singles.

The score:

Pittsfield High

	A. B.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Bridges, 2 b.....	6	2	1	3	1	0
Jacobs, s. s.....	6	2	2	3	2	3
DeBlois, c.....	5	1	1	6	1	0
O'Brien, 1b.....	5	3	3	8	0	0
Weltman, 3b.....	2	4	1	1	2	1
Crown, c. f.....	5	1	3	4	1	0
Dolphin, r. f.....	4	1	0	1	0	0
McNaughton, l. f.....	3	2	0	1	1	0
Garritty, p.....	3	2	1	0	0	0
Graves, p.....	1	0	1	0	2	0
LeBarron, p.....	1	0	1	0	0	0
Total.....	41	18	14	27	10	4

Compliments of

Pittsfield Grain Co.

206 Fourth St., Pittsfield

Bilodeau & Samel

Meats, Groceries, Vegetables and Fruits

Cor. Francis Avenue and Bradford St.

Telephone 1206 P I T T S F I E L D

Williamstown

	A.	B.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Prindle, c.....	5	1	1	6	0	0	
Danaher, 1 b, 2 b.....	4	1	1	2	2	0	
Smith, p, 2 b.....	3	0	0	10	0	0	
Upton, s. p.....	4	0	1	0	3	0	
White, c. f.....	3	0	0	2	0	1	
Domain, l. f.....	4	0	1	2	0	0	
Middlebrook, s. s.....	3	0	0	1	5	2	
Welch, r. f.....	3	1	0	1	1	1	
Noyes, r. f.....	3	1	1	0	0	0	

Total..... 35 4 5 24 11 4

Pittsfield High School—Two base hit: O'Brien. Home run, Crown;

Stolen bases, O'Brien, Weltman, Crown, Dolphin.

Umpire—Gilligan.

Pittsfield High 8, Lee 4

Pittsfield High won its fourth straight game by defeating Lee 8 to 4 at Lee, May 11. Pittsfield scored five runs in the first inning and were never in any danger of losing. DeBlois, Weltman and Bridges, each connected for three hits, while Ingram and Ryan hit well for Lee. O'Brien fielded well.

NOBLE-MILNE CO., Inc.

Plumbing, Heating and Tinning

140 Fenn St., Pittsfield

Beardsley & Martin

Electrical Engineers
and Contractors

Miller Bldg., Eagle Square, Pittsfield

Pittsfield High 7. Adams 5

Pittsfield High defeated Adams High 8 to 4 at Adams, May 4 in a league game. Adams led until the fifth inning when Pittsfield High scored five runs. After that Pittsfield was never headed. Both teams played poorly in the field. The feature of the game was the triple play which DeBlois and Bridges worked.

DeBlois with three hits and Weltman and Jacobs with two led in the hitting for Pittsfield, while W. Shane did the best for Adams.

Captain DeBlois and O'Brien are having a fine race for the highest batting averages of the High School team. At the end of the first four games these boys were tied, each having driven out nine hits out of nineteen trips to the plate for a grand average of .473. These are the real leaders. Although Graves and Le-Barron have higher averages, they have only batted once or twice while DeBlois and O'Brien have taken part in every game. Close behind is Weltman with an average of .437.

The team itself is hitting hard and has a fine total of fifty four hits out of 162 times at bat for an average of .333.

When their business worried them some men used to take to drink—now they take to golf.

You can judge a man by the way he handles a book agent.

Copper Piping, Bolt Copper, Sheet Copper, Sheet Brass, Brass Rods, Brass Railing, Brass, Steel and all Kinds of Brazings, Tinning Utensils for Hotels a Specialty. Paper Mill Work, Automobile Radiators, Head Lights and Wind Shields Repaired.

Telephone 268

Andrew L. Gregory

Coppersmith and Brass Worker

129 Francis Avenue, Pittsfield, Mass.

The Economic Value of a Human Life

is estimated by Prof. Fisher of Yale at \$5,800. On that basis the insurable value of the population of the United States would be \$620,000,000. But unfortunately there are many men who value their lives at but \$1,000, that is the value they place on their lives for insurance purposes. A life insurance loss is always a total loss—there is no salvage.

Our life insurance policies fit the needs of the assured.

STEVENSON & CO.
24 North Street

Latest Songs by Members of P. H. S.

"I'm Not Jealous, I Just Don't Like It"..... Mildred Higgins
"Along Came a Little Girl"..... "Rog" Burns
"Prohibition, You've Lost Your Sting"..... Roland Barnfather
"My Daddy Long Legs"..... "Bea" Anthony
"I'm Going to Jazz My Way Thru P. H. S"..... "Cliff" Heather
"Lilah, Sugar Baby of Mine"..... Bob Peck
"If You Could Care for Me"..... "Ebby" Mapletoft

Pittsfield Coal Gas Co.

30 South Street, Pittsfield, Mass.

Open Air Garage

POST OFFICE SQUARE
Cor. Federal Street and
Wendell Avenue

Firestone Products

GASOLINE, OIL, GREASES
PARKING AND
WASHING

CHARLIE & DARTT
PITTSFIELD

The Berkshire Loan & Trust Co.

Pittsfield, Mass.

invites a part of your Banking
Business. You can open a
Thrift Club with us for
any purpose and at
any time.

We would be pleased to have you call and become acquainted.

Batting Averages

	A.	B.	H.	Av.
Graves, p,	1	1		1.000
LeBarron, p,	2	1		.500
DeBlois, c,	19	9		.473
O'Brien, 1 b,	19	9		.473
Weltman, 3 b,	16	7		.437
Garrity, p,	11	4		.363
Jacobs, s. s.,	20	7		.350
Crown, c. f.,	20	7		.350
Bridges, 2. b.,	19	6		.316
Boyd, r. f.,	5	1		.200
McNaughton, l. f.,	16	2		.125
Dolphin, r. f.,	11	0		.000
Garnish, p,	3	0		.000

"The Taconic,"—The Editorial "An Appreciation" is very good. Why do you mix your jokes in with your advertisements?

"The Recorder"—Your February number was exceedingly good.

Professor—"What right have you to swear before me in class?"

Youth—"How could I know you wanted to swear first?" —Exchange.



Ye Poll Parrot

Speaking of saving sugar—The following sign appeared in one of the local lunch carts during the “Hooverizing” period.

Be Prepared

While traveling thru the Berkshires, an itinerant evangelist once decorated the rocks by the roadside with the following inscription.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WHEN YOU DIE?

An enterprising salesman, seeing the opportunity, added the finishing touch to the sign which proceeded as follows:

USE DELTA OIL, GOOD FOR BURNS.

Revised

Sing a song of double eagles,
A pocket full of rye.

Tailor—“Do you want a cuff on the trowsers?”

Sailor—“Do you want a slap on the wrist?”

“Did you call her up this morning?”

“Yes, but she wasn’t down.”

“Why wasn’t she down?”

“Because she wasn’t up.”

“Well, call her up and call her down because she wasn’t down when you called her up.”

I advise you to order Your Coal NOW!

GEO. H. COOPER

Agricultural Bank Building

If we could see what is the matter with ourselves as easily as we see what is wrong with the Government, we wouldn't have to wait for a new administration to bring “good times.”

Most women are secretly happy when their husbands begin to get bald. No wife cares to be taken for the mother of a youthful-looking husband.

Customer—“I want to get a pair of skates for a young lady.”

Clerk—“Here's just the skate, Sir; guaranteed to come off within five minutes.

Brooks and Bunkers

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand
Make the mighty golfer
Swear to beat the band.

SISSON'S

West Street, Pittsfield

*The Place of the Best in Automobiles
and Automobile Needs*

"T. K." says that if that Eskimo were using the N. E. Tel. and Tel., he wouldn't have had to run so fast.

Judging by the modern washing machine advertisements, a woman puts on her party dress these days when she goes down into the basement to do the family washing.

A mistake, when discovered, always looks stupid.

Frosh—"Why do they whitewash the inside of a chicken coop?"

Soph—"You tell 'em."

Frosh—"So the chickens won't pick the grain out of the wood."

"Why do they paint the outside of a wooden house?"

"Got me."

"So the people won't untie the knots in the wood."

Garden Hose

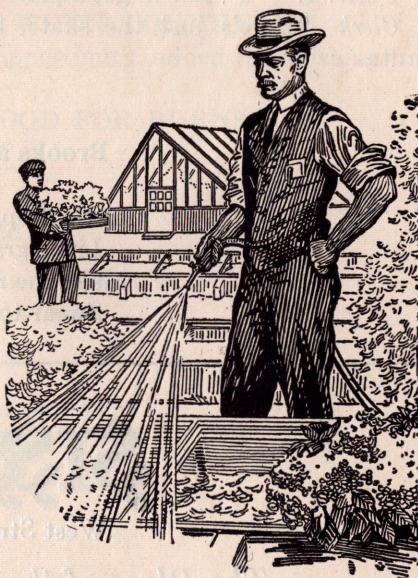
In regard to a new hose,
NOW is the time to be
thinking about it. Let us
quote our prices. Prompt
Shipments from Stock.

Wholesale and Retail

Groom Building, Clapp Avenue
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Telephone 510 and 511

Berkshire Mill Supply Company



Our Advertising Manager to His Girl

Dullest of poetasters I

And weakest of elegiasts;

Give me your lips. They satisfy.

Kiss me again! The flavor lasts.

'Tis love that makes—you know the rest

Our love shall kodak as it goes,

With pictures better than the best,

Geared to the road—Ask Dad—He knows.

Our home will be of softest stuff,

Wooltex and Satin—O and such; you

Shall never find the going rough;

No metal, O my love, can touch you.

I am the Better Sort you need;

I'm glad as a Contented Cow.

My love endures. It's guaranteed.

—Eventually! Why not now?

Sa O M—

The QRN doesn't bother CW. Wonderful work
is being done with five, ten and fifteen
watt CW outfits.

All Kinds of Radio Material in Stock

Inductances

Condensors

Chokes

Ammeters

Milliammeters

Transmitters, etc.

BERKSHIRE ELECTRIC COMPANY

77 EAGLE STREET, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

TELEPHONE 852

"Don't Close the Ground Switch for the Summer."

SHEET MUSIC AND MUSIC BOOKS

WOOD BROTHERS

Established 1880

Pianos and Musical Merchandise

VICTROLAS AND RECORDS

PITTSFIELD

NORTH ADAMS

Don't Use Big Words

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations and articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibleness, a coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous discantings and unpremeditated enpatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic vacinity, ventriloquial verbosity and vaniloquent vapidity.

In other words talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from slang, don't put on airs, say what you mean, mean what you say, and *Don't Use Big Words.*

—Alex. W. Milne.

Speaking of Hints

The woman who wrote the "Household Hint" in the Sunday Womans' Page stopped to fill her fountain pen, when one of her paragraphs caught her eye. She examined it more closely.

"Well," she declared, "I believe one of them looks like a really good idea. I do believe I'll try it."

WILLIAM NUGENT CO.

Incorporated July 1918

Wholesale and Retail dealer in

Toys, Games, Stationery, Blank Books, Magazines

Kibbe's Pure Confectionery

88 North Street

If you treat some men courteously they think you are "easy."

Every time we smoke a cheap cigar we resolve to quit smoking.

When we buy a pair of new shoes or a new hat we wonder how we had the nerve to be seen in the old ones.

Listening is the sincerest form of flattery.

Judge—"Five years penal servitude."

Prisoner—(to friend in gallery) "Go in an' tell the missus I shan't be home to supper, Bill."

Pleasant tasting medicine never seems to do much good.

Secretely, every husband thinks he could run a house better than his wife, and with half the work.

A Sunday paper makes the best regulated living-room look like a theatre after the audience has left.

The banks are now doing almost as much advertising as the cigarette manufacturers.

USE
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GOOD ELECTRIC
LIGHT AND POWER SERVICE

To the Coal Dealers

Mrs. B—"Charles, Willie must have a little slate for his work in school."

Mr. B—"Tell Willie to go down to the coal bin and help himself."

Sheer Accident!

"The bride and groom met by accident."

"Very interesting. How come?"

"She got a speck of dust in her eye and he thought she was winking at him."

—Am. Legion Weekly.

For Sale

One Ford car with piston rings, two rear wheels, one front spring. Has no fenders, seat on plank; burns lots of gas, is hard to crank. Carburetor busted half way thru, engine missing; hits on two. Three years old, four in the spring. Has shock absorbers and everything. Radiator busted, sure does leak. Differentials dry—you can hear them squeak, ten spokes missing, front all bent. Tires blowed out—aint worth a cent. Got lots of speed, will run like the deuce, burns either gas or tobacco juice. Tires all off, been run on the rim, a darn good Ford for the shape its in.

—James L. Bramble, 4298 Jones S.

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¶ The loyalty with which our customers continued their patronage have enabled us to grow to one of the best equipped plants in this section of the country.

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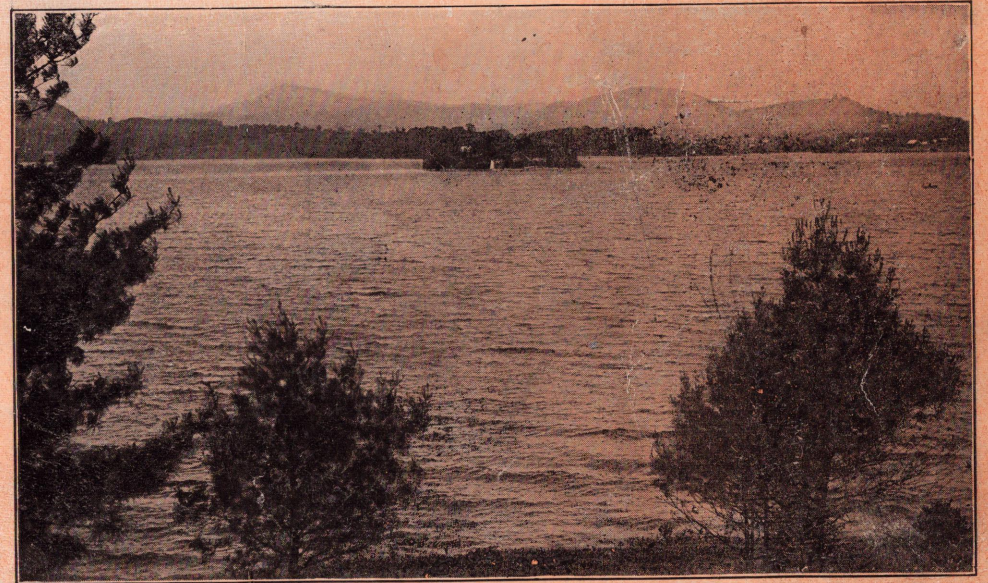
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SUN PRINTING CO. PITTSFIELD, MASS.

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